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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 39 - Platform and All Occasions

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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 39

Dramatic

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

ELISE WEST

NEW YORK
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Werner's Readings and Recitations

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OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

("HELEN THAMRE.")

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

WHEN the "Happy Home Handel Association" of Havermash decided to sing the oratorio of the "Messiah" on Christmas eve, "We will have Thamre," said Joe Havermash. Still, when he returned from Boston with Thamre's contract, the whole town was surprised.

Christmas eve was wild and windy. A cheerless night for the prima-donna to come to the small place. Half Havermash was at the station to meet her.

"I did not expect to see so many people," said Thamre, "what are they all here for?"

"Oh! I suppose to see *me!*" said Mr. Havermash.

Thamre laughed,—a cheery little laugh which floated out to the ears of the people in the crowd.

Half-way within her carriage door she paused. "What is that?" she asked suddenly.

An old woman was pushing her way through the crowd—a very miserable old woman. She had a blanket shawl over her head and her unhealthy yellow-gray hair streamed out from under it over her face. A crowd of villainous urchins pursued her, pointing their fingers at her and calling out, "Old Mother Goose! Mother Goose is out buyin' Christmas stockin's for her darter. Old Mother Goose!"

Everybody knew how Old Mother Goose hated the boys, but no one had ever seen her offer them violence before that night. In a moment she had grown erect and awful to see, rearing her gaunt figure to its full height against the steel and blood-colored background of the wintry sky.

"You stop that!" she cried.

Much disturbed by the annoyance of the scene, Mr. Havermash endeavored to induce Thamre to enter the carriage.

"What a wretched old creature," said the prima donna, shivering. "What is her name, Mr. Havermash?"

"The boys call her 'Old Mother Goose.' Her name was Peg Mathers; they called her Old Mathers, and then Old Mother, and so Old Mother Goose, I suppose. Rather ingenious of them, too, I think."

"Oh! there she is again."

A sudden turn of the carriage had brought them sharply upon the miserable sight once more. Old Mother Goose was sitting stupidly in the snow by the curbstone.

"There," cried the old woman, "there's the lady. I'll see her yet, in spite of ye."

Old Mother Goose staggered up from the snow, staring dully; but the picture framed in the carriage window flashed by her in an instant. For an instant only, the two women looked each other in the eye.

"I've seen enough," said Thamre, half to herself.

When she reached the hotel, she asked to be left alone until the hour of the concert.

Curtained and locked in Havermash's grand suite of rooms, she spent, we say, two hours alone. Yet in all her life she had never been less alone. With clinched hands she paced up and down the long, unhomelike splendor of the rooms, for Helen Thamre was fighting all

the devils that can haunt the soul of a beautiful and talented woman for her poor old shameful mother's sake.

At last her mother seemed actually present with her in the room. She forced herself to face her and began murmuring:

"Heaven knows what restless fancy forced me hither. For thirteen years I've wondered what it would be like to look upon your face againt How could I know it would be like what it is? So sad, so wretched. so alone. I never left you to suffer. The first ten-dollar bill I ever earned I sent to you. If you *would* have rum for it, am I to blame?

"I've fought so hard for my name and fame, mother; it has been a long bitter task. Some time before you die I'll seek you out, but not just yet, not just yet."

She thinks of a certain Christmas eve, wild like this, when she packed a little bundle of her ragged clothes—thirteen years ago to-night. She remembers her songs in the mission schools of the big city. She remembers the friends who heard her and into whose hearts God put it to send her abroad to be educated. She remembers the death of her master there, and his mantle falling on her bewildered shoulders.

If Havermash should learn that little Nell Mathers is all there is of Helen Thamre, what would Havermash, falling at her feet this instant, do the next?

* * * * * * * *

The members of the "Happy Home Handel Association" were satisfied with the reception given to their oratorio. The little hall was crowded to the window-ledges.

When Thamre came upon the stage, dressed in gray satin up to the throat and down to the wrists, the packed house drew and held its breath. Before she opened her lips, she had conquered Havermash.

She stood for an instant fluttering, as if her mind was half made up to fly. Then she settled into her unapproachable repose. Her wonderful eyes dilated. The soul of the music entered into her and she became as sacred as her theme.

The music was drawing near its close; the Christmas stars were out when Thamre glided into her last solo, that grand vibrating, palpitating theme

"If God be for us who can be against us?"

Shrill and sharp into the thrill of the singer's liquid clinging notes a quick cry rung out.

"Let me see her. I can't a-bear it any longer; let me see my gal;" and, forcing her way like a stream through the packed and startled crowd, Old Mother Goose leaped upon the stage.

"I can't stand it any longer, Nell. I've knowed ye ever since I heard ye laugh at the station. I didn't mean to disgrace ye before all the people, but I can't a-bear to hear ye sing. I wouldn't a-told on ye, I think, but for the music and the crazy feeling I had. 'Twas most too bad to spoil the piece, Nelly dear."

Mr. Havermash took Old Mother Goose by the arm, saying, "The woman is drunk, Miss Thamre. Come, Peg, come."

But Thamre shook her head. She had grown now deathly pale.

"If you please, Mr. Havermash, I should like to know if this poor old woman has anything more to say."

"Nothin' more. I'll go way now. Nothin' more. Only this mebbe, Nelly dear: I says to myself, as I sits there an' heard you singin', 'if God be for me my gal won't be against me; my gal can't be against me.'"

It is said that when Thamre stretched down her hand, and taking the lean, uncleanly fingers of Old Mother Goose, pressed them gently and tenderly to her heart, she heard the break of sobs in the breathless house.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," she lifted the old woman's hand that all might see,—"I am sorry that your entertainment should be disturbed. If you will excuse me, I will leave you now, and take—my mother—home."

Lesson-Talk on "Old Mother Goose."

Begin in a conversational tone, bringing out well the emphatic words which, in the first paragraph, are: "Happy Home Handel Association," "Havermash," "Messiah," "Christmas," "Thamre," "Joe Havermash," "contract," "whole town," "surprised."

There is no gesture in this paragraph. Speak slightly to left for Havermash

Bring out "wild and windy" with emphasis to express the disagreeableness. "Cheerless" may be treated in the same way.

Speak slightly to right for Thamre, a happy tone, tinged with wonder.

Let Mr. Havermash's reply come in hearty, deeper tones, with a ripple of amusement pervading them. Speak to left for him. Put joy and merriment into the word "cheery."

Thamre's "What is that?" comes quickly, the head turning a little to the right as you ask it. If it is your impulse to do so, the right hand may be extended at right oblique, palm up, as in indicating. Pause between "woman" and "was pushing," thus separating subject from predicate. Emphasize "miserable," and let your voice express the meaning of the word. I should employ no gesture in describing the old woman's appearance. Your voice and face will best express the look of misery she had. For the calls of the boys use three different tones to show the various voices. All are insulting. Shake your forefinger at the same time. Let the face be leering.

Raise yourself to fullest height as you picture the old woman's anger. Lift clinched left hand, speaking slightly to left for her. Her voice comes tremulous with anger and old age. Use a conversational tone for the next two lines. Speak to right for Thamre, shuddering slightly as you speak. "Wretched" and "name" are emphatic words. Speak to left for Havermash. Bring out plainly the transition of the old woman's name. His voice is deep, agreeable. His last sentence comes in a lighter pitch.

Break in quickly with "Oh, there she is again!" pointing to oblique right.

Resume your conversational tone. Point low front to indicate Mother Goose on the curbstone.

Mother Goose's words come quavering and shrill. Practice her tones until they suit you. The voice of old age is similar to that of a child,—high, shrill, slightly nasal.

Let the hand sweep from midfront out to side, palm vertical and outward on "flashed by her." Let face be calm, eyes steady in concentration on level with themselves, on "looked each other in the eye."

Raise hand clinched as in emotion for Thamre's exclamation which may come in half whisper.

Bring out "alone" in first sentence of the next paragraph and "less" in the next. Picture her agitation as she paces the room. Take a step or two forward with tightly closed hand, face showing the strain.

Bring out the adjectives strongly to show the contrast of the characters of the two women. In her soliloquy make the tones as varied as possible. The hands are restless, now clasped at chest, now raised to head, now clinched at sides, to express her agitation. Give value to the adjectives, "sad," "wretched," "alone." "Suffer" is important.

She is speaking as though really addressing her mother. Be earnest, sincere, if you would have the audience's sympathy. Let them realize the long bitter struggle you have made to gain renown and the hardship of relinquishing it. Bring out "die" and "out" in the last sentence, also "just." Let the last three words come slowly with pauses between them.

Let "thirteen years ago to-night" come almost as monotone and emphatically. Through this paragraph stand quite motionless, eyes steady. Clasp hands tightly at chest at thought of discovery. "This" and "next" are of value.

* * * * * * * *

Take a step forward, thus showing the elapse of time. Change your tone to a simple narrative one. On "held its breath" draw in a deep breath to express admiration. "Opened," "lips," "conquered," "Havermash" are important.

Take a step forward after "theme," before beginning the next paragraph. Let the importance of your manner convey that the climax is approaching. I should employ no gesture. Stand as Thamre would with hands loosely clasped low front. If you can sing, sing the words; if not, speak them low and tenderly, emphasis coming on "God," "for," "who," "against." Let the contrast be vivid. With quick word action picture the interruption. On "forcing her way" let both hands be carried from midfront out to sides, then carry one quickly front on "leaped up on the stage." Let one hand be raised quiveringly on the first sentence, then both may be stretched as toward Thamre on the second. On "crazy feeling" bring hand to head.

Put out one hand as Mr. Havermash says apologetically, "The woman is drunk;" then coaxingly "Come, Peg, come."

Let Thamre raise one hand as to stop him, as she speaks sweetly, tenderly.

Speak to right for Thamre, to left for her mother. Point down in audience for "sits there." Give value to "God," "for," "gal," "against," "can't."

Make the movement of taking the hand and bringing it to heart as stated in the next paragraph.

Then on "lifted the old woman's hand" raise the left hand, closed as though clasping another, and hold to end. Let the "mother" come with all tenderness and reverence, raising the hand a little as you say it. Bow in dignified manner after "home," to which is also given value.

GIFTS.

EMMA LAZARUS.

"O WORLD-GOD, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and Pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street,
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"O World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"O World-god, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride.
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed Code,
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

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"O Godhead, give me Truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted. He became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath foresworn, and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour;
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

AT THE SHOEMAKER'S.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

TIME: Now.
LOCATION: Here.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: { MISS BUNION, a dear friend of many in the audience. / PATIENT SALESMAN.

MISS B. I wish to see some slippers.

P. S. What sort, if you please, madam; bronze?

MISS B. Oh, no; patent leather.

P. S. What size, please?

MISS B. I never can remember. Two-and-a-half, I believe.

P. S. I'll see by your boot, if you will sit down here.

MISS B. [*as he begins taking off her boot*]. These boots are quite too large.

P. S. Oh, of course; I merely want them as a guide.

MISS B. I really don't know how I came to buy so large a pair.

P. S. [*discovering boots to be threes, and too short and narrow for foot*]. It is better walking-boots should be amply large.

MISS B. But not so loose as these, certainly.

P. S. It is better so.

MISS B. The slippers must be much narrower.

P. S. Yes, madam. [*Shows a pair.*]

MISS B. Oh, I want Louis Quinze heels!

P. S. These, then, may suit. [*Shows another.*]

MISS B. You may try them. [*Catches sight of the size.*] Oh, horrors! I never wore threes-and-half in my life!

P. S. [*who has been there before*]. Different makes, you know, run differently.

MISS B. Well, give me a make that runs the other way. Fancy me wearing such a size as that!

P. S. If you will allow me to try one on, you can tell if the style pleases you.

MISS B. Oh, I couldn't even tell that in such a monstrous slipper!

P. S. [*takes a three*]. Here is one smaller. [*Fits it on with difficulty.*]

MISS B. No, that does not feel right; it's too—too—

P. S. Too narrow, perhaps?

MISS B. N—no, not too narrow. Too snug across the instep; my instep is so very high.

P. S. Perhaps a Spanish-arch instep would suit your foot better.

MISS B. I'll try one, then.

P. S. [*brings a Spanish-arch, three-and-a-half*]. Is that more comfortable?

MISS B. Yes, I think it is—it still draws a little across the top.

P. S. I think a shoe a trifle wider would relieve that.

MISS B. Oh, no, I always use a very slender last!

P. S. These high heels, too, throw the strain on the instep.

MISS B. I can't endure low ones. It's my instep. I always have difficulty fitting that.

P. S. [*fitting another*]. How do you find that?

MISS B. That is better. [*Stands up.*] Yes, that is better in the heel, I think—but the toe is quite too wide.

P. S. That is odd; it's the same size as the other

MISS B. Why, it positively bulges!

P. S. [*fits another*]. This is narrower.

MISS B. Oh, that does not feel comfortable at all!

P. S. [*in despair slips on again the first shown*]. Try this, madam.

Miss B. That fits better; yes, and looks decidedly better in the back.

P. S. [*adroitly*]. It's a very elegant little slipper.

Miss B. Isn't it long, rather.

P. S. I think not, madam.

Miss B. Why, see, the foot only comes to there!

P. S. Yes; but after you have walked in the slippers, you will find the high heels will throw the foot forward.

Miss B. [*still prancing her foot in and out before mirror*]. I don't quite like that square look there.

P. S. A small, neat bow would take that away.

Miss B. Oh, I can't endure bows; they disfigure the foot dreadfully.

P. S. It is a matter of opinion.

Miss B. I believe I like this pair better than any. I think, perhaps, I will take them.

P. S. [*cheerfully*]. They are certainly an elegant fit.

Miss B. Well, you may send them to Mrs. Benjamin Bunion, 9999 Madison Ave.

P. S. [*buttoning her boots*]. Yes, madam. [*Takes bill, and goes for change.*]

Miss B. [*who has been looking about in his absence*]. Let me see those bronze slippers there in the window.

P. S. [*showing them*]. Eight dollars, madam.

Miss B. Have you them without embroidery?

P. S. Yes, madam. [*Finds a pair.*]

Miss B. I think I'll try one. [*Reseats herself.*]

P. S. [*takes off her boot*]. This is your size.

Miss B. Oh, no; really, it's much too tight—over the instep.

P. S. Is this better?

Miss B. That's too wide.

P. S. Try this.

Miss B. Oh, that's too wide across the toe!

P. S. Here is another.

MISS B. That feels well enough; but bronze slippers only look well with bronze silk stockings.

P. S. [*relieved*]. They look much better, certainly.

MISS B. You may send the patent leather ones I selected, and I'll come in another day for the bronze.

P. S. Very well, madam. [*Sotto voce.*] I hope I'll be out!

JOHANNA SHOVE'S EASTER.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"I'VE come a-begging!"

The slender figure on the step-ladder, washing Mrs. Kennett's conservatory windows, turned at the sound of Josephine's fresh young voice.

"But I never encourage beggars," laughed Mrs. Kennett.

"Then make an exception of me," Josephine cried. "I've had such a dis-couraging time, Mrs. Kennett! Nobody's got any lilies, and everybody's geraniums and begonias and things are on a strike and won't blossom for Easter."

"Oh, it's Easter you're begging for, is it? Well, I'm going to relent, Miss Josephine, and invite you in! But don't put any cabalistic signs on my gate-posts for other beggars to read!"

The girl on the doorstep and the stately woman in the doorway laughed in concert. On the step-ladder the slender, shabby figure turned to its work again with something like a sigh.

It was easy to see what went on inside the conservatory; Mrs. Kennett and Josephine went about from pot to pot. Now and then Josephine jotted down a memorandum. The woman on the step-ladder could hear her laugh through the glass. Presently she came out.

"Oh, I feel just too encouraged for anything, Mrs. Kennett! One, two, three palms, and two lilies, and geraniums galore! We shall have such a beautiful Easter. I'm not going to let a single lily in this town go unbegged! We want every one."

"Yes, we can't have too many lilies on Easter," agreed Mrs. Ken-

nett; "I'm glad somebody has come back from boarding-school to wake us up!"

"Well, I thought it was time we had a real Easter, so I started in a-begging. I'm really proud of my talent in that line. I know I must have inherited if from some gypsy ancestor. Good-by, Mrs. Kennett."

"Good-by, my dear—oh, wait! I hope you are going to sing."

Josephine flushed. "Yes," she called back shyly, "I'm going to sing. I couldn't stand up there without the flowers to hide me!"

* * * * * * * *

Johanna Shove finished her window-washing carefully. She was renowned for her work; the Silverton housewives kept her busy. To-day she did not hurry away as usual.

"Well, Johanna," asked Mrs. Kennett kindly.

"I'd wisht, ma'am, you'd tell me how long it takes calla lilies to bloom out, when they're budded—real fat buds, you know."

"Calla lilies? Oh, I don't know. I guess they blossom in a week or two when they're well under way."

"An' Easter's Sunday after next, Mis' Kennett?"

"Sunday after next—yes. You must go and see the flowers and hear Josephine Fairweather sing, Johanna."

The woman in shabby clothes went away. Her thin, brown little face was working eagerly.

"There's a bud!" she murmured under her breath. "It's gettin' real fat. She'll want that one, too."

Unconsciously the narrow shoulders straightened and Johanna Shove's figure took on a gentle importance. The calla lily was her one luxurious possession, and it was budded for Easter. "Every lily in town," that was what Josephine had said.

"An' my lily 'll be in town by Easter!" laughed Johanna delightedly. She walked faster. She forgot she was tired, and that her little shiny fingers ached. She wanted to get home to look at her calla-lily bud.

For a week she watched it anxiously. Then it unrolled into sweet, white beauty, and she was satisfied. She set it in the window, close to the pane. She wanted it to get about that Johanna Shove had a calla lily in bloom; then the girl would come for it.

Late in the week before Easter, Johanna grew nervously impatient. She watched continually at the window, but no one came. On Friday she bought a fine new-glazed pot for the calla.

"They wouldn't want it in that tin can, of course," she reasoned patiently; "I'd rather it would go to meetin' kind of fixed up than to go myself. I'd a good deal rather."

Johanna had convinced herself that she could not stay away from church this Easter—not with her calla lily there among the rest.

But there was no money for the modest little bonnet at Mrs. MacBride's after she bought the flower-pot.

Saturday wore away. Johanna scarcely ate her scanty dinner. Toward five o'clock groups of girls began to go by with pots of flowers in their arms, Josephine with the rest.

"When she comes back she'll see it." Johanna assured herself feverishly.

"An' the pot is so shiny an' handsome, she'll notice that right off. She'll want that, sure!"

The chattering girls went back and forth—Josephine the gayest, liveliest of them all. But no one looked at Johanna's lily and the shining pot. "Will nobody look?" Johanna sobbed under her breath; she could hardly bear it.

Josephine going by for the last time remembered something suddenly.

"Go on, girls—I'll catch up," she said. "I've got to run in to Johanna Shove's for mother. It's about the windows—I nearly forgot."

Johanna saw her coming. She caught up the calla and stood, waiting, in the door. Her lean little face was radiant.

"Here it is! I knew you'd come!" she cried. "I've got it all ready. I've just watered it again. The pot's real heavy; if you'll wait, I'll carry it a ways for you. If there's anybody comes along, I'll give it to you an' come right back. I don't look decent to be seen."

Josephine understood, and the pathos of the little mystery appealed to her instantly.

"How lovely it is!" she cried. "We really needed another lily."

"Yes, I knew you'd want it. I knew you'd come. I'm real pleased to let you have it."

"And you'll come to-morrow and see where we put it, won't you?" smiled Josephine.

Johanna's face sobered. She held out the pot to the girl.

"I'll go back now. No, I ain't goin' to meetin' to-morrow, but I'm real pleased to have my calla lily go. I was bound it should look kind of fixed up for Easter. I'd a good deal rather so."

Josephine followed the wistful gaze to the shiny pot in her own hands. Again—she understood.

"She has no hat suitable to wear," she thought, with a sob. Through a mist of tears she set the lily carefully down in the front rank of pots before the pulpit.

"But it's such a terrible pot!" groaned one girl.

"So shiny and vulgar! Put it where it won't show, Jo, do!"

Josephine shook her pretty head.

"Change any of the others, girls, but I want this one right here in front. Poor little lily. You cost too much to be hidden."

On the way home Josephine stopped at Mrs. MacBride's to get her new hat.

The plump little milliner met her smilingly, but the girl's face was serious.

"You know I couldn't decide about pink or white flowers, Mrs. MacBride?"

"Yes, dearie, so I waited. I've got everything else done. I hope it's the pink you've decided on, Miss Josephine."

"No, it isn't the flowers at all. I've decided to have the ribbon, Mrs. MacBride. You said that would cost less."

"Yes. But ribbon—really Miss Josephine—"

The great spray of delicate pink flowers lay lightly on the pretty hat all ready to be fastened on, and Mrs. MacBride eyed it wistfully. Her "art" was wounded.

"How much less will it cost, Mrs. MacBride?"

"One dollar and sixty-nine—we'll call it a dollar seventy-five less, Miss Josephine. There is the lace—I shall take that off, if you have ribbon instead of flowers. It would destroy the—ah—unity."

"Then I will have the ribbon, Mrs. MacBride." The girl cried a little tremulously.

"I suppose everybody's got a new Easter hat this year," Josephine remarked casually, as she stood watching Mrs. MacBride's swift fingers.

"Well, everybody but Johanna Shove. She's been in here, I don't know how many times, looking at that little brown straw over there with the two rosebuds in it. I saw her smelling of those buds the last time she was in!"

"It's a nice little bonnet for a cheap one, and Johanna looked real fixed up in it, but the poor woman hasn't any two dollars to buy Easter bonnets with, I guess. I'd let her have it for a dollar and a half to-night."

"Oh, would you! Then she can have it, Mrs. MacBride. I'll carry it to her on my way home. And I can pay for it now, to save bother." Mrs. MacBride watched Josephine's retreating figure with a knowing nod of her small head.

"That was it, was it?"

On Easter morning Johanna Shove, in the little rosebudded brown bonnet, sat among the worshippers in the foremost ranks, with a straight line of vision from her happy face to one lily that reared its white head proudly out of a shiny pot.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead," chanted a girl's sweet voice in her ears, and her happy heart was in tune with the song of thanksgiving and worship.

HARRY OF ENGLAND.

JULIA MAGRUDER.

KATE CHESTERTON belonged to the essential upper-tendom of New York, by virtue of both birth and money. She was very lovely, in a refined and dainty way which made her prowess in horsemanship all the more remarkable and bewitching.

Her instructor, Henry Chalmers, a famous hunter and steeplechase rider, had been a neighbor of her grandmother's place down in Virginia. His home was called "England." Kate, when a romantic schoolgirl,

had read "Henry V.," and from that hour had endowed her Virginia friend with the qualities of this hero, and had dubbed him, in her heart, "Harry of England," and so dreamed of him by day as well as by night.

Five years had passed since she had seen him; and Kate, now twenty-one, was to have the long-coveted pleasure and pride of driving her own pair of spirited high-steppers at the horse-show in New York.

The great night came. The harness class, in which Kate's pair "Star and Stripe" was entered, was about the middle of the program, but she was early in her father's box.

The fourth class was for middle-weight hunters, and Kate, as she saw them filing in, ran her eye eagerly over each one. As the fourth horse, a splendid chestnut, came into the ring, something familiar in the horseman's manner made the girl glance quickly upward, from his hands to his face.

There he was, all in white, just as he used to be riding through those fields in Virginia. He did not look toward the crowd at all, but, swaying gently with his mount, he seemed to say: "There, now, you needn't be so impatient to win. You'll do it all right, but it takes a little time."

As for Kate, the blood rebounded from her heart, crimsoning her face and half suffocating her, as she remained with her eyes fixed on him. She was vaguely aware that some horses were gaited, some refused, some blundered, some fell, and others went over the jumps to the cheers of the crowd, but all was a blur on her mind until Chalmers rode forward toward the first jump. Smoothly, easily, brilliantly, it was taken, and the second one as well; also the third and fourth. The crowd cheered while the rider looked neither to right nor left, but went forward to the fifth jump! This the dashing chestnut went up to in fine form, then—refused. Three times he made the effort to get the animal over; three times it refused. He rode out of the ring a loser! Kate ached with the weight of her sympathy as he disappeared toward the stalls and re-appeared on foot and took up his stand a little to one side of the entrance.

When the time came for her to mount, she felt an utter lack of courage. Her father urged her to give it up.

"Give it up?" she answered, pale to the lips. "Fail, I may, and get killed, I may, but give it up, I won't."

"Here, Peters," she said to the groom, "you see that gentleman yonder by the pillar? Go quickly and tell him I want him to come here at once."

"Father, that is Mr. Chalmers, who taught me to drive. You will give your place to him. Then I shall feel perfectly calm." The next minute, while the band played bewilderingly overhead and the lights and crowds and horses swam about her in a sort of haze, she rode into the ring, with Star and Stripe, stepping in splendid form, and "Harry of England" in the seat beside her.

Never had Star and Stripe so answered to her demands—never had they moved so superbly—never looked so well, and as Kate, regulated by a quick hint now and then from her companion, put them through their paces, the crowd became enthusiastic. So beautiful was the sight that the judges let it go on longer than seemed necessary, before they called Miss Chesterton's team in and pinned on it the blue ribbon.

Then as a clamor of applause went up, the band, by some happy intuition, struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and, with the noisy music of both band and hand-claps ringing in her ears, and the man at her side murmuring a sweeter tribute yet, she drove the winners once around the ring and then out at the gate.

Chalmers, who was booked for the next entry, disappeared and Kate returned to her flower-laden box. Before she had half-finished reading the cards, the bugle sounded for the next class.

In they came, a turbulent lot—green hunters all, who had probably never been under electric lights or over tan-bark before. It was not hard to pick out Chalmers, and, once recognized, her gaze never left him.

It was a fiery young brute that he rode, and Kate saw him give a sudden lunge just at the jump, and fall heavily across it, flinging his rider some feet away face downward on the tan-bark. There was a space of complete oblivion before she saw and comprehended again. Then some men had run to Chalmers and raised him to his feet and she saw him standing there, white as the shirt he wore and

with a great deep red spot on one side of his face. A man had caught his horse, which was unhurt, and Chalmers now motioned imperiously for it to be brought to him, shaking off hands that would have detained him and going forward to meet his mount.

The young brute was wild with the excitement of his fall, and it took two men to hold him while another helped the rider up. Once on his back, however, it was easy to see who was master. By dint of strategy, Chalmers got him near the jump and then suddenly wheeled him round to it. The creature rose in the air and soared over it like a bird, leaving a margin to spare that made the crowd go wild with acclamation, and as Kate saw the blue ribbon fastened to Chalmer's mount, fear gave way to triumphant pride in her heart.

He had triumphed, and his triumph was hers, but it had cost them both dear. As he rode out of the gates, directly beneath her, she leaned forward in a moment of self-forgetfulness, and a large bunch of violets in her dress fell off and dropped upon his horse's neck. Instantly he glanced upward, bowing in acknowledgment. His face was ghastly white, and he made no effort to smile.

Mr. Chesterton, full of gratitude to Chalmers for aiding Kate, and fearing he had been more injured by his fall than he cared to acknowledge, hunted him up and insisted that he come to their house.

* * * * * * * *

Those were happy days that followed; and one morning Kate told Chalmers she had engaged a box for the Mansfield first night the following week.

"What is the play," he asked.

"Henry the Fifth," said Kate, and blushed to the roots of her hair.

When the curtain went up on the fifth act they were alone in the box, for Kate had insisted that only her father should accompany them, and Mr. Chesterton had left the theater wearied by a play in which there were four acts without a woman in them.

The next scene was as familiar to Kate as it was unfamiliar to Chalmers, and the girl turned directly away from him and fixed her whole attention on the stage. He did not notice much the utterances of the actors. How could he ever hope to win the love of this en-

chantress at his side? How could he woo her? Suddenly Mansfield spoke:

"Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?"

Chalmers started with surprise:

"If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my neck, or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors—" . . . "What sayest thou, then, to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee."

"Kate."

The color in her face deepened.

"Kate."

But she was bending forward, as it were to listen.

"And therefore, tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine!'"

He half started to his feet.

By Jove—what does this mean?"

"Have you never read Shakespeare?"

"But this isn't Shakespeare—it's me! And what's more, it's you. 'Harry of England!' 'Kate'—"

The door opened. Mr. Chesterton had returned.

Chalmers seemed to be dreaming still, when he found himself seated at Kate's side driving homeward. The way was long and presently they were both aware that Mr. Chesterton was asleep.

"Kate," Chalmers whispered, as he took her hand gently, "not even Shakespeare ever knew how I feel toward you. I've loved you for these many years, but I never dreamed that you could love me. Do you? Tell me, Kate. I can't wait until to-morrow. Just one word!"

The old gentleman was fumbling sleepily with his latch-key. He saw and heard nothing as Kate, with a look of an empress, took her lover by the hand, and said:

"Harry of England, I am thine!"

MERELY MARY ANN.

I. ZANGWILL.

[Launcelot, the youngest son of an English baronet, has chosen to become a musician, been cut off by his father, and alone in a cheap London lodging-house is striving to keep soul and body together till he can sell his music, which is too high-class for the average publisher. The only bright spot in his life is Mary Ann, the little "slavey girl" of the lodging-house, whose sweetness and loyalty have won his heart. He has finally decided to leave London and go into the country where amid the green fields he hopes to regain his spirits. Mary Ann is so heart-broken at the idea that he suggests she go with him, and she joyfully consents.]

IT was Friday afternoon. Launcelot gathered together his few personal belongings. On the Monday the long nightmare would be over. In the midst of a tender reverie he was awakened by ominous sounds from the kitchen.

His heart stood still.

"Not another stroke of work do you do in my house, Mary Ann!" His blood ran cold. Mary Ann had been unable to keep the secret.

"Not a word about 'im all this time. Oh, the sly little thing! Who would hever a-believed it?"

And then, in the intervals of Mrs. Leadbatter's groanings, there came to him the unmistakable sound of Mary Ann sobbing. He threw open his door and said, "Is there anything the matter?"

Mrs. Leadbatter turned her head.

"His there anything the matter!" she echoed, slowly mounting the stairs. "You don't suppose as I can keep a gel in my kitchen as is a-goin' to 'ave 'er own nors-end-kerridge!"

"Her own horse and carriage!" repeated Launcelot, utterly dazed. "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Well—there's the letter! I don't know how much two and a 'arf million dollars is—but it sounds unkimmonly like a nors-end-kerridge!"

Launcelot grasped at the letter like a drunken man. It was from the vicar of the little town where Mary Ann had spent her childhood.

"I have much pleasure in informing you tnat our dear Mary Ann

is the fortunate inheritress of two and a half million dollars by the death of her brother Tom. He was rather a wild young man, but it seems he became a lucky possessor of some petroleum wells which made him wealthy in a few months."

Mrs. Leadbatter then continued: "There, listen! She's been going on like that ever since I broke the news to 'er—the sly little cat! She wanted to go on scrubbing the kitchen. 'Twasn't likely I could allow that. 'No, Mary Ann,' says I, firmly, 'you're a lady and if you don't know what's proper for a lady, you'd best listen to them as does. You go and buy yourself a dress and a jacket to be ready for that vicar who's been a real good kind friend to you; he's coming to take you away on Monday, he is, and how will you look in that dirty print?' And with that I shoves a suvrin into 'er hand instead o' the scrubbin'-brush, and what does she do? Why, busts out a-cryin' and stares at the suvrin as if I'd told her of a funeral instead of a fortune!

"An' there's my Rosie, she'll never 'ave nobody to die an' leave her money, poor dear child, except me, please Gaud. It's only the fools as 'as the luck in this world." And Mrs. Leadbatter resumed her panting progress upwards.

Her last words rang on in Launcelot's ears. He was groping on the mantelpiece for the matches when a knock at the door came. He struck a light, expecting to see Rosie. It was merely Mary Ann.

But she was no longer merely Mary Ann, he remembered with a shock.

And yet, was he dreaming? Surely it was the same winsome face and the same large pathetic eyes, ringed though they were with the shadow of tears.

"Mary Ann!" he cried wildly.

"Yessir."

"Is it true you've come into two and a half million dollars?"

"Yessir, and I've brought you some tea."

"But why are you waiting on me, then? Don't you know that you—"

"Please, Mr. Launcelot, I wanted to come in and see you."

He felt himself trembling.

"But Mrs. Leadbatter told me she wouldn't let you do any more work."

"I told missus that I must; I told her she couldn't get another girl before Monday, and if she didn't let me I wouldn't buy a new dress with her sovereign."

"And so the vicar will find you in a pretty dress."

"No, sir. I shan't be here when the vicar comes."

"Why, where will you be?" he said, his heart beginning to beat fast.

"With you," she replied, with a faint accent of surprise.

"Are you foolish?"

"No, Mr. Launcelot!"

"But you talk as if you were. You mustn't run away from the vicar just when he is going to see that you get your money."

"But I don't want to go with the vicar—I want to go with you. You said you would take me with you."

"Yes—but don't you—don't you understand that—that I can wait."

"Can't the vicar wait?"

"Listen to me, Mary Ann.'

"Yessir."

"You are a young woman—not a baby. Strive to grasp what I am going to tell you."

"Yessir."

"You are now the owner of two and a half million dollars—that is about five hundred thousand pounds. Five—hundred thousand—pounds. Think of ten sovereigns—ten golden sovereigns like that Mrs. Leadbatter gave you Then ten times as much as that, and ten times as much as all that—and ten times as much as all that, and then—and then fifty times as much as all that. Do you understand how rich you are?"

"Yessir."

"You see you will be able to live in a fine manor-house—such as the squire lived in in your village—surrounded by a lovely park with a lake in it for swans and boats—"

"Oh, but I should like a farm better, please sir. With cows and

pigs and meat every day, and pudding on Sundays! Oh, if father was alive, wouldn't he be glad!"

"Yes, you can have a farm—anything you like."

"Oh! a piano?"

"Yes—six pianos."

"And you will learn me to play?"

"Well, I may not be there, you see. Mary Ann, don't you see that everything is altered?"

"What's altered? You are here and here am I."

"Ah, but you are quite different now, Mary Ann."

"I'm not—I want to be with you just the same."

"You are not the same Mary Ann—to other people. You are a somebody. Before, you were a nobody. Nobody cared or bothered about you—you were no more than a dead leaf whirling in the street."

"Yes, you cared and bothered about me."

"But one day, you will want a—a husband."

"No, Mr. Launcelot, I don't want a husband. I don't want to marry. I should never want to go away from you."

"I see you understand I'm not going to marry you."

"Yessir."

"Listen, Mary Ann! Even if you were fool enough to be willing to go with me, I wouldn't take you with me. It would be doing you a terrible wrong."

"Why more now than before?"

"You're a silly little baby."

"You are going away without me. I shall never see you again."

"Be sensible, Mary Ann. You will be—"

"You won't take me with you?"

"How can I take you with me? Don't you understand that it's impossible—unless I marry you."

"Can't you marry me, then?"

"It is impossible."

"Why is it impossible? I'll wait on you just the same."

"Because I am not good enough for you."

Mary Ann grew scarlet. Then she broke into a little nervous laugh, "Oh, Mr. Launcelot, don't make fun of me."

"Believe me, my dear," he said tenderly, "I wouldn't make fun of you for two million dollars. It is the truth—the bare, miserable, wretched truth. I am not worthy of you, Mary Ann."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Thank Heaven for that! If you did, you would think meanly of me ever after. Yes, that is why, Mary Ann. I am a selfish brute—selfish to the last beat of my heart, to the inmost essence of my every thought. Does it never strike you that if I were to marry you now, it would be only for your two and a half million dollars?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. Do you know how long it will be before I make two million dollars, Mary Ann?"

"No, sir."

"Two million years. Yes, my child, I can tell you now. You thought I was rich and grand, I know, but all the while I was nearly a beggar. Perhaps you thought I was playing the piano—yes, and teaching Rosie—for my amusement; perhaps you thought I sat up writing half the night out of—sleeplessness. No, Mary Ann, I have to get my own living by hard work—by good work if I can, by bad work if I must—but always by hard work. Don't look so sad, Mary Ann. I'm not blaming you. I want to drive this into your head, to put you on your guard. Though I don't think myself good enough to marry you, there are lots of men who will think they are—they don't know you. It is you, not me, who are grand and rich, Mary Ann—beware of men like me—poor and selfish. And when you do marry—"

"Oh, Mr. Launcelot! why do you talk like that? You know I shall never marry anybody else."

"Forget me, Mary Ann. Promise me you will."

"Yessir—if you will promise me."

"Promise you what?"

"To do me a favor."

"Certainly, dear, if I can."

"You have the money, Mr. Launcelot, instead of me—I don't want it, and then you could—"

"Now, Mary Ann, you're getting foolish again. It is impossible."

"Why is it impossible?"

"Because there is only one thing I could ever bring myself to ask you for in this world."

"Yes; what is that?"

He laid his hand tenderly on her hair.

"Merely Mary Ann."

"Oh, Mr. Launcelot, take me, take me! You do love me! You do love me!"

"I am a fool. Good-by, Mary Ann."

"Good-by, Mr. Launcelot. Please sir, do me a favor?—Nothing about money, sir."

"Well, if I can," he said kindly.

"Couldn't you just play 'Good-night and Good-by' for the last time?"

"Why, certainly! if it will give you any pleasure."

He sat down to the piano, and played the introduction softly. He sang bravely:

"Kiss me good-night, dear love,
Dream of the old delight;
My spirit is summoned above,
Kiss me, dear love, good-night."

He couldn't go through another verse. He jumped up. Mary Ann was crying.

"I'll kiss you, too, dear!" he said huskily. "That'll be for the last time."

Their lips met, and then Mary Ann seemed to fade out of the room in a blur of mist.

"Sw-eet! Sweet! Sweet," sang the canary.

SHE. What would you do if the postmaster refused to stick a stamp on your letter?

HE. I should stick it on myself.

SHE. I should not—I should stick it on the letter.

"SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT."

MYRTLE REED.

[This selection should be recited by one person, and the singing, with mandolin and guitar accompaniment, should be done by several persons behind the scenes.]

DOWN in the negro quarters on a Georgia plantation stood a quaint little log cabin overlooking cotton fields. Old Joe's days of active usefulness were over. He had served long and faithfully in those same cotton fields, then as a house servant and later as a coachman. Now, on account of age and the "misery" in his back, he spent his days telling stories to the children.

His wife, Sally, was head cook at the mansion, which stood in another part of the plantation.

"The Pines" was a most hospitable house and usually thronged with guests, for its young mistress had an indulgent husband and money sufficient to gratify every possible whim. Mrs. Langley she was now, but to old Joe she would be "Miss Eunice" always. He had carried her when she was a baby, watched over her when she was ill, and once when a pair of maddened horses dashed down the drive, he had snatched the unconscious child from almost under the wild feet, and saved her life, they said; but the brave fellow had received internal injuries and had not been able to do much since.

"Yes," he said one afternoon to an appreciative audience of pickaninnies, "dat ar day war a great time fo' ol' Joe. I war jes' a gwine to de house w'en I see dese yer hosses comin' ker-blip! right whar Miss Eunice war a playin' wid her doll-buggy. Dere wasn't no time to call her, so I jes' grab her and run, an' my foot ketch in de doll-buggy an' I trow Miss Eunice ober my haid in some soft grass an' den de hosses tram on me an' I kinder lost my 'membunce. Pretty soon I fin' mysel' in de house an' de doctor an' ol' Missis, she jes' stoop down an' kiss ol' Joe. Tink ob dat!

"Den Miss Eunice come in, an' ol' Missis say, 'Come here, dear, and see Uncle Joe. He done sabe yo' life.' An' den I lose

my 'membunce again. One day Mas'r walk in an' he say, 'Joe, here's yo' papers, yo's free now, jus' ez free ez I is.' I say, 'Mas'r, I don't want to go away from you an' Missis and Miss Eunice. I want to stay here on de ol' plantation, along o' my ol' woman.' And den he wipe his eyes an' say, 'I'll gib Sally papers, too,' an' Sally say, 'No, Mas'r, me an' Joe don' want to be free; we wants to stay here where we's happiest,' an' Mas'r say he keep dose yer papers for us till we done want 'em. Dose was mighty fine times for ol' Joe!"

"Now play something, uncle," the children cried, and brought the fiddle that always hung in one corner of the cabin. His eyes brightened, but he gently put the eager child away, saying, "No, honey, not dis time. I got de misery in my back wuss en eber. Go 'way, chillens, ol' Joe's so tired!"

They obediently trooped out of the cabin, and the old man's head dropped on his breast. The gaunt gray figure twitched with pain, and he did not move until Sally came in to get his supper.

"Well, honey," she said, cheerily, "how's yo' back to-day?"

"'Pears like de pain gets wuss, Sally," he replied.

"Neber yo' min', yo'll get better byme by."

Sally moved quickly about the cabin and soon had the evening meal on the table.

"Come, Joe, move up yo' cheer. Dis yere hoe cake done to de t'un!"

"'Pears like I couldn't eat no supper."

"Po' ol' man," said Sally, sympathetically, and she ate in silence, watching the pain-drawn face with ever-increasing anxiety.

As twilight fell, the sufferer sought his couch, where he moaned and tossed restlessly, and the pitying Sally, stretched wearily on a faded rug near the door, was soon fast asleep.

* * * * * *

Up at the Pines all was light and laughter and music, for a crowd of young folks were gathered 'neath its hospitable roof and guitars and mandolins made the whole house ring with melody.

A pretty girl with a mandolin said, "Do you know, I feel like having a lark."

"Try a swallow," suggested a young man. "There's lots of lemonade left in the pitcher."

"No, I want a regular lark!"

"How would a serenade do?"

"Capital! Just the thing! We'll take our mandolins and guitars into the moonlight and make things pleasant generally."

"Mrs. Langley," said a maid with a practical turn of mind, "who is there to serenade? The girls think it would be fun, but we don't know where to find a victim in this isolated Eden."

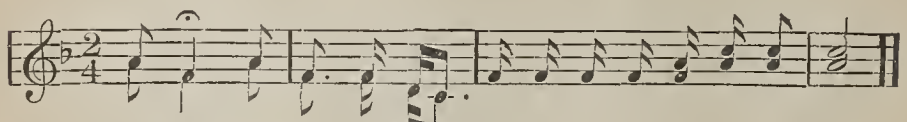
Mrs. Langley rose quickly, and going to the little party, told them of old Joe.

"Go down to the old man's cabin and sing the quaint negro melodies he loves so well—that he used to sing to me when I was a little child. And take these roses with you; he used to love them so; you can throw them in at the open window." "How do we get there?" "Follow the brook; it flows right under his window, and you can not miss the place. I'd go with you, only I can't sing, and wouldn't be of any use." She smiled brightly at them as they went down among the shadows, then to the tiny brook that seemed like a musical stream of silver in the moonlight.

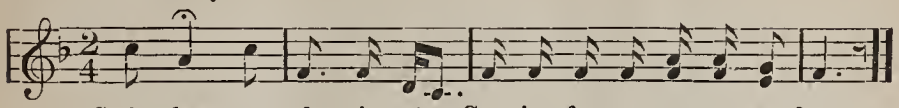
The party was strangely silent for one bound for a "lark," and when they came to Uncle Joe's tiny cabin in an unseen nook of the plantation, they grouped themselves under the window in silence.

"Now, then," whispered one of them.

The mandolins and guitars played the opening strains of the sweet old melody, then their fresh young voices rose high and clear:

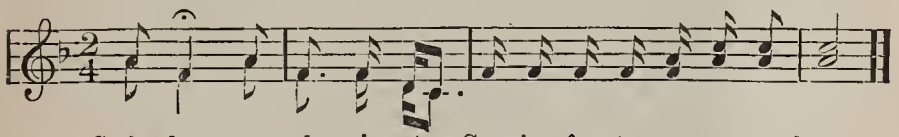


The old gray head turned feebly on its hard pillow, and Sally stirred restlessly.

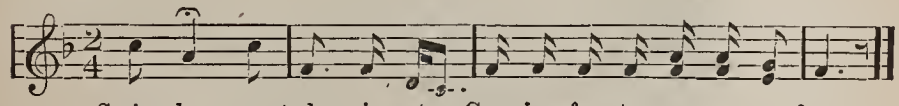


Above the song of the brook, that seemed like a tender accompaniment to the tinkle of the mandolins, the music rose, and old Joe woke from his dream of pain.

Oh, light of the angels! Oh, rapture of the song! The familiar words brought back so much to the old man's listening soul!



The fragrant shower fell around him. He grasped a great white rose that was within reach of his hand, and pressed it to his parched lips.



Out of the clouds was the chariot coming for *him?* Yes—wrapt in celestial glory.

The tired head fell back upon its pillow with a sigh of infinite content; the chariot came, and Uncle Joe forgot the "misery" and the roses alike, in passing from supreme shadow to supreme dawn.

WHY HE DIDN'T WASH.

MAGGIE. Why don't yer wash yer face, yer lobster?

JIMMIE. Wot! an' destroy de last lingerin' sweetness uv de exquisite aroma uv dat superlative kiss yer give me dis forenoon?

MAGGIE. Say, Chimmie, you're a jollier all right; but no woman kin help lovin' youse.

BEN THOMAS'S TRIAL.

HARRY S. EDWARDS.

[Cutting, by Kate Weaver, from "De Valley an' de Shadder," by Harry S Edwards, published by the Century Co., New York, and used by special permission of the author.]

A NUMBER of log huts surrounded by black gum trees that extend down to a dismal swamp. This is Black Ankle, the scene of my story. On the porch of one of the huts, stupid with drink, lay Ben Thomas, the host. At the far end of the porch his young mulatto wife was tossing coins amidst groups of men, who applauded when she won and were silent when she lost. Suddenly the game ended, the woman empty-handed.

The sleeper waked and gazed about him. The last throw of the coin attracted his attention; he staggered forward.

"Mandy," he said, gently, "did you tek my money?"

"Yes, I did."

"Whar hit, Mandy?"

"Whar you reck'n?"

"Whar hit, Mandy?"

"Los'."

"Who got dat money, Mandy?"

The gambler contemptuously threw three silver quarters into her lap.

"Heah, Mandy, I'll len' yer 'nuff ter pay 'im. Dern er man w'at'll 'buse es wife fo' folks, an' en 'er own house." All eyes were upon the husband. He took the coins, placing them in his pocket.

"No man kin len' money ter my wife, an' hit ain' len'in' w'en money w'at's stole comes back."

"Who stole it?" A savage look gleamed in the gambler's eye.

"Fus she stole hit, an' den you stole hit; fur ter cheat er 'ooman, es des same es stealin'."

Quick as the spring of a panther, the gambler threw himself upon the man who had accused him. There was a brief struggle; the gambler clasped one hand over his breast and staggered. A

knife dropped from his hand as he suddenly extended his arm, and with a deep sigh he sank lifeless.

Ben stood with folded arms gazing upon him, but the woman glided from the porch and snatched the bloody knife from the ground. For an instant she crouched, her face upturned to her husband. The knife vanished in the folds of her dress, and she pointed straight into the black depths of the swamp. "Run, Ben!" she whispered. Ben gazed about him defiantly, then turned and strode away into the shadow.

The woman still crouched by the corpse, but her eyes were fixed upon the shadow that had closed over her husband. Horror and fear seemed to have frozen her. But as they bore the body off, a man approached her and asked to see the knife. She turned her face to his for an instant, then bounded by him and was swallowed up by the swamp. Forward she went through brake and bramble. Suddenly the silent stretch of a great lagoon was before her. She lifted her arm and frantically hurled the knife far out into the night. She held her breath. At last—a far, faint splash came to her ears.

"Ben," she whispered; "Ben!" there was no answer. "Ben!" This time it was a scream. A thousand echoes darted here and there in the sounding swamp, but no reply came from her husband.

How she reached home she knew not, but presently she fell prostrate upon the floor of the cabin. Crouching there in the shadow was Charlotte, her husband's mother, crooning to his babe. The next day Ben was arrested.

Then weeks passed. Mandy sat by the hour gazing down into the shadowy depths of the swamp.

One day, "Unc' Siah," as he was called, leaned over the picket. His aged face beamed down kindly upon Mandy and old Charlotte.

"Mornin', Aunt Charlotte; how you do des mornin'?"

"I'm tolerable."

"How Mandy?"

"She's tolerable. You seen Ben?"

"Yes'm: seen him yestid'y."

"W'at 'e say?"

"Well, he ain' say much. Hit's mighty nigh unto fo' weeks sence he uz put en jail, an' dey es gointer have 'es trial next Chuesday. You bin deir, Mandy?"

Mandy turned her hunted eyes upon him.

"Yes, an' he druv me 'way."

"Dem lyyers 'low dat deir's mighty littl' chance fur 'im less'n dat knife er Bill's 'd been picked up by somebody w'at uz leanin' ter our side er de case, 'cause Bill's name uz on it, an' 'u'd show fur hitself. Plenny of 'em seed Mandy snatch hit frum de groun', an' sum ses es how et uz Ben's an' she uz erfraid ter show hit, an' some ses es how hit uz Bill's an' she uz er hidin' hit 'cause she liked Bill more'n Ben; an' so hit goes. Dem lyyers 'lows es how Mandy bein' the prisoner's wife, can't sw'ar in de case. But ef de knife uz deir, ses dey, hit 'u'd tork fur hitse'f 'cause deir ain' no 'sputin' de name. You couldn't fin' hit, you reck'n, Sis Mandy?"

The woman shuddered. "No, I bin deir en de day, but de place es changed fum en de night; an' et night—I can't go deir, Unc' 'Siah!"

"Ben ses, ses he, 'Ef Marse Bob uz heah hit 'u'd be all right.' But deir ain' no chance now, fur 'e live 'way off yonder sebenty odd mile an' no railroad halfway. An' heah hit is er Thursday 'bout sundown."

In the mind of the woman a thought was dawning. The old man drew out a worn Bible.

"Sis Mandy, let de Lord speak, fur deir's trouble in sto' fur you an' yourn. 'De Lord es my sheppud, I shall not want.' Bless de Lord fur dat! 'He make me ter lay down in green pastures, 'e leads me besides de still waters. He resto'ith my soul, he leads me up de paf er de righteous fur es nam' sake.' Des heah dat! By de road, or ercross de corn-rows, or troo de swamp hitse'f,—he's gointer lead de way; an' hit's all de same ef hit's day or night; hit's all one wid de Lord. 'Yea, though I walk troo de valley er de shadder er death, I'll fear no evil,—fur Thou art wid me, Thy rod an' Thy staff dey comforts me.'"

The young woman stood up.

"Tek de baby, Mammy; I'm er-goin' troo de valley an' de shadder an' by de waters an' 'cross de pastures twell He show me Marse Bob! I bin bline, Mammy, but He done op'n my eyes an' I see de way. Good-bye, Mammy! Good-bye, Unc' 'Siah! 'En de valley an' de shadder.' "

On went the young woman, on the great road, through the village, on past the jail, never stopping. She moved as one in a trance; all night she walked, and the strange light shone from her eyes.

" 'En de valley an' de shadder,' " she whispered. "Leanin' on His rod an' His staff."

The history of one day was the story of the next. She started on Thursday; on Monday morning she passed through the great white columns of a princely home, and told her story. At ten o'clock the next morning the trial of Ben Thomas for murder was to begin at Jeffersonville, seventy odd miles away.

The evening of the same day found Mandy back in the city, and with her was a gray-haired man—Marse Bob. A buggy was to bear him to Jeffersonville in the early morning, but for her there was work yet to be done.

"W'en you pass Black Ankle, I'll be deir," she told him. Before he could stop her she had gone.

She passed down into the black swamp. " 'En de valley an' de shadder,' " she whispered, " 'an er-fearin' nuth'n.' " As she entered there, that other night came back, and its horrors rose about her. The lagoon, with its wide, still stretch of water, lay at her feet.

She raised her hand and threw the knife with all her might—aye, for the handle seemed in her grasp as hard and bloody as on that fatal night. Yonder it will fall, she thought; and lo! so it seemed to fall. " 'En de valley an' de shadder, Thy rod an' Thy staff,' an' 'er-fearin' nuth'n,' " and so, half moaning, she let herself down into the silent water. The chilly flood rose to her armpits, but she moved forward straight into the gloom. As she moved she felt with her bruised and torn feet in the soft ooze and in the

slime; for she fancied she could tread every foot of the dark depths until the knife was found.

Just as the spot was reached to which she had calculated that her strength could have hurled the bloody weapon, the ground passed from under her feet. Frantically she clutched at a cypress tree to draw back, when instantly a sharp, swift pain ran along her arm. She had touched a snake, and he had struck his fangs into her clenched hands. She must not lose hold; she did not. But her lips opened and sent up one wild, frenzied cry from that dreadful place, "O my God!"

But what was that? There was no serpent in her grasp; only the long, keen blade of a knife, thrust into the tender cypress. The weapon she had hurled out into the night had stuck where it had struck. She drew it from its rest and rushed from the swamp. Mile after mile passed, hour after hour, and still Marse Bob came not. Day broke and the sun rose. The fever came upon her; it slew her strength and hurled her by the wayside. As thus she lay, an old man riding a flying gray horse burst into sight; she thrust upward the knife; he caught it and passed on. A smile came over her wan face. "'En de valley an' de shadder,'" she feebly murmured as she dragged herself home.

Slowly the court assembled. The prisoner took his stand to make his statement. He declared emphatically that the deceased, knife in hand, had assaulted him, and that he had killed him in self-defence; that the knife that fell from the relaxing hand was the dead man's. He told the story simply, and as he began it a tall gentleman with iron-gray hair entered the room. As the prisoner resumed his seat, the newcomer entered within the rail. He shook hands gravely with several of the older lawyers and took the hand that the court extended over the desk. Then he turned, and, to the astonishment of everyone, shook hands with the prisoner.

The solicitor arose, and with a few cold words swept away the cobwebs of the case. The man had stabbed another wantonly. If the knife was the property of the deceased, why was it not produced in court? The defendant's wife had picked it up! He

passed the case to the jury, and the judge prepared to deliver his charge, when the old gentleman rose to his feet.

"If Your Honor please, the prisoner is entitled to the closing; and, in the absence of other counsel, I beg that you mark my name for the defence."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Court, "Mark General Robert Thomas for the defence."

The silence was absolute. The jurymen moved in their seats. Something new was coming. The old gentleman laid his hat and stick upon the table, and, drawing himself up to his great height, fixed his bright eye upon first one and then another of the jury, looking down into their very hearts. Only this old man stood between the negro and the grave. Suddenly he said:

"The knife that was found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thomas is a brave man, a strong man; he would not have used a weapon upon an unarmed man.

"I offer no evidence, not even this knife, with the name of the deceased upon it, though it comes to me direct from the hand of the woman who, it has been proved, snatched the weapon when he fell to the ground. But, gentlemen of the jury, not upon theory, not upon facts, do I base the assertion that the deceased had a knife in his hand when he made the assault—I speak from a knowledge of men. Ben Thomas would never have stabbed an unarmed man. Why do I say this? Because I know he is as brave a man as ever faced death; a faithful man; such men do not use weapons upon unarmed assailants.

"Why do I say he is brave? Every man on this jury shouldered his musket during the war. Most of you followed Pickett. Some perhaps were at Gettysburg. I was there, too! I, and the only brother God ever gave me, a part of him is there yet.

"I well remember that fight. The enemy stood brave and determined, and met our charges with a courage that could not be shaken. At last came Pickett's charge. When that magnificent command went in, a negro man, a humble African, a captain's body-servant, stood behind it, shading his eyes with his hand, wait-

ing. You know the result. Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead a handful drifted back. From one to another this negro ran, then turned, and followed in the track of the charge. On, on, he went, under my very glass, for it was my misfortune to stay behind; on through the smoke and the flame; gone one moment and in sight the next; on up to the flaming cannon themselves. Then there he bent and lifted a form from the ground. Together they fell and rose, and this three times, until, meeting them halfway, I took the burden from the hero. That burden was the senseless form of my brother, gashed and bleeding and mangled. And the man who bore him out, who came to me with him in his arms as a mother would carry a sick child, himself shot with a fragment of a shell until his great heart was almost dropping from his breast,—that man, O my friends, sits here under my hand! See, if I speak not the truth!" He tore open the prisoner's shirt and lay bare his breast. A great, ragged seam marked it from left to right. "Look! and bless the sight, for that scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the souls of freemen and put to its highest test the best manhood of the South. No man who wins such wounds can thrust a knife into an unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old age to say it."

It may have been contrary to the evidence, but the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

FRENCHMAN ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

"I VOULD you make ze little speak avec plaisir,
Boat eet ees not moach long zat I been here
Ant I am timid zat I speak soam wrong,
Becos I know zis langvids not moach long.

"Zis Englees langvids I not understand me moach.
Eet ees not logical, eef I can joage,
For eet ees not long since ago zat I
Did not receif somesing for which I try;
Ant zen a frient of mine, he coam ant say,
'Olt man, I seenk zat you are in ze consommé.'

"Boat zen anuzzer frient coam ze next minute
Ant say, 'My boy, I moach regret you are not in it.'

"Ant still anuzzer frient he coam to me.
'Ze sing ees not moach goot at all,' say he.
'Eet ees all right zat you are left.' How ees zat been
Zat I am right ant left ant out ant in?

"Ant so I seenk perhaps I not know well
Zis Englees langvids, or I vould you tell
Ze little speak zat I s'ould like to make,
Boat I am timid zat I speak meestake.

"For eet ees soach a fonie langvids, oui!
Not long ago, one evening, coam to me
One ver' good frient, as eet ees getting dark
Ant say, 'Coam, let us go upon ze lark.'
I say, 'Eh bien, I go,' for I not like to tell
Zat I not understand him ver' moach well.
A lark? Zat ees a bird, selon Webstaire,
Ze gentilman zat write ze dictionaire;
Boat, ah! I fint I haf not understood.
I fint zis lark ees not a bird moach good.

"Eet ees ver' late zat I am get to bed
Ant zen I feel so strange oap in ze head.
I am so bad I not can sleep, ant so
I rise moach early ant I go below;
Ant zere I fint my landladie who coam ant say
'Monsieur, you get oap wiz ze lark to-day!'

I say 'Non, non, madame; oh, my poor head!
Eet ees wiz zat bad bird I went to bed!
I not get oap wiz him. You are moach wrong;
I am alreaty wiz zat bird too long.'

"She laugh so moach I seenk her face ees break;
I not know why onless I speak meestake;
Ant so, I will not make ze speak to-night,
For I am timid zat I not speak right."

AN ABANDONED ELOPEMENT.

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

"'TAIN'T nowhere near mail-time, father! You ain't goin' ter the post-office now, be you?"

Mrs. Saunders watched her father pass down the path to the front gate.

"Father! Father!"

Mr. Baker went on. He heard his daughter calling him, but did not choose to answer. Obadiah Baker considered himself a deeply injured man.

It was the first day of October, and on the morning of every first of October for the last twenty-eight years Obadiah had laid aside his summer underwear and had donned his winter "flannels." This particular day he had not made the change. September had been as warm as summer. So when that morning he had loudly demanded, "Where's them thick flannels o' mine, Sereny?" his daughter answered, "Now, father, you ain't goin' ter put on them ridic'lous heavy things this warm weather. You keep on your summer ones for a spell."

Obadiah protested vainly, but Serena was firm. The fact that his wife had never, and his married daughter, with whom he had lived since her mother's death, seldom, attempted to cross him, made it all the harder.

He passed Elmer Burns in his front yard, who called out, "Good weather fer this season o' the year, ain't it?"

Obadiah hurried along. Mr. Burns had chosen a poor topic.

Down in Baxter's Lane, Mrs. Deborah Wixon was sitting on the front porch of her son's house, knitting. Obadiah noted that she wore a shawl.

"Good-mornin', Obadiah," said Mrs. Wixon. "Gittin' sort o' chilly, ain't it?"

The kindred spirit was found. Mr. Baker turned in at the gate. He had always liked Mrs. Wixon. In fact, away back in the days when he was single, the current gossip was that she would become Mrs. Baker.

"Mornin', Debby," said Obadiah. "'Tis chilly. It'll be a mercy if we don't git our death o' cold dressed the way some o' us be. How's things goin' with you?"

"Oh, I dunno, Obadiah. I'm kind o' out o' sorts. Sometimes I wish I could afford ter have a house o' my own."

"I was thinkin' that same thing as I came 'long. There's nothing like independence. What is it that's troublin' you, Debby? Don't Dan'l an' his wife treat you well?"

"Oh, yes, they treat me well 'nough, but if you was runnin' yer own house you could have what you wanted ter eat——"

"An' ter wear."

"Yes, an' ter wear. Fer the last eighteen year er more I've had a soft-biled egg ev'ry mornin' fer breakfast. Well, this mornin' they didn't happen ter have no eggs in the house, an' Dan'l, 'stead er sendin' up ter Caleb's ter git some, told Elviry that he guessed I'd eat a piece o' steak same as they had. Now, I didn't want steak; I wanted soft-biled egg."

Obadiah nodded in sympathy. "I know how 'tis," he said.

"Obadiah, I wonder that you don't rent a house an' run it yerself."

"What would be the sense o' it? Have ter hire a housekeeper, an' good housekeepers is hard ter git."

Mr. Baker broke off suddenly, and sat musing. Mrs. Wixon

rambled on about her tribulations. Suddenly Obadiah slapped his knee.

"Debby, let's you an' me git married."

"Why, how you talk, Obadiah Baker!"

"No, I don't talk, nuther. I mean it. Here's you, livin' on yer son an' wishin' fer a home o' yer own. Here's me, livin' on my darter an' wishin' the same thing. Let's git hitched an' set up housekeepin'."

"Well, I never! We'd be a healthy young bridal couple, wouldn't we? What would folks say?"

"What do we care what they say? See here, Debby, this ain't no sentimental front-gate spoonin'. Here's independence starin' us right in the face."

Mrs. Wixon was silent for a full three minutes. Obadiah repeated anxiously, "Let's, Debby; come on, now, let's!" at thirty-second intervals.

"Tain't no use, Obadiah; if I was ter tell Dan'l that I was goin' ter git married, he'd set his foot right down, an' that would end it. An' if I know Sereny, she'd do the same thing."

"Then let's do it without askin' 'em."

"How could we?"

"We'll elope, that's what we'll do!"

"Elope!"

"Now, hold on; I'll come 'round at twelve o'clock ter-night with Benjamin's hoss an' buggy. You be ready, an' we'll drive over to Ostable. We'll git there by mornin', an' we'll have the minister over there marry us. Then we'll come home ag'in, an' tell the folks."

It would take too long to tell all the widow's reasons against the proposed elopement and all Obadiah's arguments in favor of it. Finally Mrs. Wixon consented.

The accepted suitor went home in a sort of trance. For the first time in years unnumbered he forgot to call at the office for the mail. In consequence no less than seven aged veterans called at the house to see if he was ill. He ate almost no dinner, and even less supper; his daughter was convinced that he was comin' down

with the grip, and this, together with his own sense of guilt, brought him to a state of nervous trembling that was pitiable.

It was nearly twelve before he dared creep downstairs and out of the back door. Luckily the barn was a good distance from the house, and his daughter and her husband were sound sleepers. He did not dare attempt getting the buggy out of the barn, and decided to use the old carryall that stood under the open shed.

Old Major, the horse, looked at him in sleepy wonder. The harnessing was a weird and wonderful operation. Obadiah had not harnessed a horse for years. After a while, however, it was accomplished, although whether the breeching was where the bridle should have been was more than either horse or man would have dared swear to. After several centuries, as the prospective bridegroom reckoned time, Obadiah was safely out of the yard and on his way to the home of the expectant fair one.

He had hoped to find Mrs. Wixon waiting by her porch; but she was not there, so he crept on around the corner to the back door. All was silent there also.

Then from a window overhead came a trembling whisper: "Obadiah—oh, my land!—Obadiah, is that you?"

Mr. Baker's heart leaped up and stuck in his throat.

"Oh, my soul an' body! Where have you be'n? I'm that scart——"

"Why don't you come down?"

"I can't. Dan'l's locked the doors, an' took the key ter his room. I can't git down."

"Ain't ther no way?"

"No-o, only one, an' I'd never dast ter try that in this world. There's a ladder layin' out 'longside the woodshed, but—where are you goin'?"

Obadiah found the ladder, and dragged it beneath the window. Fortunately the unsuspecting Daniel and his wife slept at the front of the house, and slept soundly.

At first the widow flatly refused to descend, but Obadiah pleaded in agonized whispers, and finally she was prevailed upon to try. Mr. Baker grasped the lower end of the ladder with a

grip that brought the perspiration out upon his forehead, and the lady, with suppressed screams, reached the ground safe and more or less sound.

As Mr. Baker was helping her into the carryall he noticed that she carried a small handbag.

"What you got that thing fer?"

"That's my reticule. It's got a clean han'kerchief, an' a needle an' thread, an' one thing an' another in it. I never go nowheres without it."

Major trotted off briskly. The first mile of their journey was accomplished safely, but the night was pitch-dark, and when they turned into the Ostable road, which leads through thick, soft pine, it was hard to distinguish even the horse's ears. Mrs. Wixon insisted that every curtain of the carryall should be closely buttoned down.

"Fresh air never hurt nobody," said Obadiah. "I sleep with my winder wide open winter an' summer."

"You do? Well, I tell you right now, I don't. I shut ev'ry winder tight. I don't run no resk from drafts, an' I sha'n't let you do it."

Mr. Baker grunted, only brightening up when the widow began to talk.

"We'll keep chickens," she said, "an' then I can have a soft-biled egg ev'ry mornin'. You'll git up 'bout five o'clock an' kindle the fire, an'——"

"Me git up an' kindle it?"

"You don't expect I'm goin' ter, do you?"

"No-o, I s'pose not. You see, I've be'n used ter turnin' out 'bout seven, an'——"

"Seven! My soul! I allers have my breakfast et by seven. Well, you git up at five an' kindle the fire, an' then you'll go out ter the hen-yard an' git what eggs there is. Then——"

"Then I'll come in an' call you, an' you'll come down an' git breakfast. What breakfasts we will have! Egg fer you, an' ham an' fried pertaters fer me, an' pie——"

"Pie? Fer breakfast?"

"Sartin. Sereny allers has a piece o' pie warmed fer me. I wouldn't give two cents fer breakfast without pie."

"Well, now, Obadiah, if you think I'm goin' ter git up an' warm up pie ev'ry mornin', let 'lone fryin' pertaters an'——"

"See here, Debby. Seems ter me if I'm willin' to turn out at that unairthly hour an' then go scratchin' 'round the hen-house ter please you, you might be willin' ter have a chunk o' pie het up fer me."

"Well, I'll try an' do it. It'll seem kind o' hard, after comin' down ev'ry mornin' at half-past six, an' findin' my breakfast all ready fer me. What air you stoppin' fer?"

"There seems ter be a kind o' cross-roads here. Now, which one do we take? I ain't drove to Ostable fer years an' years. Do you know which is the right road, Debby?"

"Well, seems ter me, nigh as I can recollect, that we took the left-han' road. No, I ain't sure but 'twas the right-han'."

"Well, I'll take the right-han' road. I think that's the way."

If the main road had been dark, the branch road was darker. Mrs. Wixon at length broke the dismal silence.

"Obadiah, what time had we oughter git ter Ostable?"

"'Bout five o'clock. We'll drive 'round 'till 'bout seven, an' then we'll go an' git married. I used ter know the Methodist minister there, an'——"

"Methodist minister! You ain't goin' ter a Methodist ter be married?"

"I sartin shouldn't go to no one else. I've be'n deacon in the Methodist church fer over thirty year."

"I was confirmed inter the Baptist faith when I was twelve, an' if anybody but a Baptist was ter marry me I wouldn't feel as though I was married at all."

"Well, I sha'n't git married by no Baptist."

"Well, no Methodist shall marry me."

"Now, looky here, Debby——"

"I don't care, Obadiah. You ain't done nothing but contradict me ever since we started. I'm jest 'bout ready ter cry."

"Never mind, Debby, don't worry. If wust comes to wust,

I'll take a Baptist; but maybe we can compromise on a Presbyterian er a Swedenborgian er something. What's the matter now?"

Major was half way out of the shafts, with the larger part of the harness well up toward his ears. Obadiah groaningly rummaged out, lit the lantern, and proceeded to repair damages. In getting back into the carryall he tore a triangular rent in the back of his Sunday coat. He had left his watch in the fob-pocket of his every-day trousers, so they had no means of knowing the time.

"That's a nice mess," he grumbled. "Nice-lookin' ragamuffin I'll be ter git married."

"Maybe I can mend it when we git ter Ostable."

"You said you had a needle an' thread in your reticule. Couldn't you mend it now if I held the lantern?"

Mrs. Wixon announced her willingness to try, and the mending began. Obadiah, holding the lantern, watched the operation, his face falling at every stitch.

"I'm afraid I hayen't made a very good job o' it. I ain't done any men's mending fer years an' years, an' it don't come handy, somehow."

Mr. Baker said nothing, but in his mind were visions of the neat patches and darns of his daughter's mending. He sighed heavily, and his sigh was echoed from the back seat of the carryall.

The road was now very rough, and the ruts were deep and full of holes. Mrs. Wixon grew more and more nervous.

"Oh, Obadiah, what a jounce that was! Seems ter me you're awful reckless. I wish Dan'l was drivin'; he allers drives me so careful."

"I wish ter the Lord he was! I wish him er somebody else was runnin' this whole thing. It's nothing but nag, nag, fight, fight, fight, ever since we started. I'm wore out, an' my rheumatiz is come back, an' my feet's wet, an' I wish I was dead. If we row like this 'fore we're married, what'll it be afterwards? Talk

'bout independence! Git dap there!" This was a savage roar at Major, who had stopped. "What be you standin' still fer, you old fool!"

Mrs. Wixon leaned forward. "Obadiah, tain't the hoss that's the old fool; it's you an' it's me. We was mad 'cause some little things went wrong, an' went inter this elopin' bizness head fust, never stoppin' ter think that we wa'n't the same as we used ter be. We're both old, an' we're both sot in our ways, an' we're both used ter bein' waited on. We ain't no more fit ter go ter housekeepin' on our own hook than a couple o' children. The best thing ter do is ter turn 'round an' go home ag'in."

"What you say is right as preachin', Debby, but it's too late now,—an' we ought ter be pretty nigh ter Ostable. If we should turn back now we wouldn't git home till long after daylight, an' ev'rybody would be up. 'Twould make talk 'nough ter last till Jedgment-day. We got ter git married now, that's all there is ter it. Git-dap, Major!"

But Major refused to move, and his driver discovered that the road apparently ended at a rail fence that barred further progress.

"Debby, there seems to be a buildin' ahead o' us there. I'm goin' ter take the lantern, an' explore. You set still till I come back."

But this Mrs. Wixon refused to do.

So he assisted her to alight, and the pair went on through a grove to where a large building loomed against the sky.

"One o' the Ostable churches.. Wonder which 'tis," said Obadiah.

"There's allers a sign in front o' a church. Let's go 'round an' see."

When they came out by the front platform, Mrs. Wixon exclaimed: "Well, I never! I wouldn't b'lieve I'd remember so clear. It's seven year sence I was in this town, but this church seems jest as familiar as if I was here yisterday. Why, what's the matter?"

"Debby, this night's be'n too much fer me. My rheumatiz has struck inter my brain. I'm crazy as a loon, an' can't read straight. Looky here."

Mrs. Wixon clambered up beside her agitated companion, and read from the placard these words:

"First Baptist Church, Rev. Jonathan Langworthy, Pastor."

"Great land! Why—why—Obadiah, it's our church at Orham! No wonder it looked familiar-like. What on airth does it mean?"

"We took the wrong road at the crossin', then we must 'a' switched ag'in pretty quick, then we must 'a' turned ag'in when the harness broke, an'——

"That brought us inter Caleb Ellis's wood road that ends right back o' the church here. Obadiah Baker, we've be'n ridin' 'round in circles through them woods all night."

The bell overhead clanged three times.

"Only three o'clock!" gasped Obadiah. "Gosh! I thought we'd be'n ridin' ten hour. You an' me don't want ter be married, Debby. What we want is guardeens ter take care o' us."

"We can git home now, an' nobody'll know a thing 'bout it, Obadiah. This is the han' o' Providence."

* * * * * *

At six o'clock the next morning Mrs. Saunders knocked at her father's door.

"Father," she called, "are you feelin' better this mornin'?"

Mr. Baker awoke with a start.

"Yes, Sereny, I'm feelin' lots better. Fact is, I'm feelin' like a new man."

"Well, bein' as you've be'n feelin' bad, I dunno but you'd better put on yer thick flannels. I'll leave 'em outside the door. Thank the Lord you ain't goin' ter be sick."

"Thank Him for all His mercies!" devoutly said Mr. Baker, and turned over and slept. There was a smile upon his face that told of infinite content.

MAN'S TEARS.

CLARENCE N. OUSLEY.

THERE'S sumpen in a woman's tears that makes you wanter sorter
Come close up to her like, an'—tho' perhaps you hadn't orter,
An' lest you're gray an' married, better not, I'm here to tell you—
Just put your arm around her waist an' tech her chin, an'—well—you—
You dam the streams uv cryin' up with little chunks uv kisses,
For women folks they live on love, both married ones an' misses.

There's sumpen in the children's tears that makes you wanter pet 'em,
An'—tho' it spiles 'em ever' time—just shet your eyes an' let 'em
Do what they doggone please, for, recollect, their little troubles
To them air bigger'n meetin'-houses; ours ain't more nor bubbles
That float along the river Life, an' we air only ripples
A-runnin' to the shore an' dyin'—ripples chasin' ripples.

There's sumpen in man's tears that chokes up all the forms an' speeches
Uv sympathy. Your dumb heart aches an' vainly it beseeches
A sign or sound to voice its love. Uncover! stand! an' listen!
That sob unstrung a chord that can't be mended. Teardrops glisten.
The light uv joy is flickerin' out. Don't speak. There's no use tryin'
To comfort him. He'd ruther be alone with God an' cryin'

NAN-TUCK-ET.

There was once a man from Pawtucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket,—Nan-tuck-et.

JOHNNY'S ELOCUTIONARY EFFORT.

A SMALL orator of seven made his début in front of a large audience the other night. His loving family, who had egged him on to this sacrifice, were mostly with him in the dressing-room.

"Now, Johnny," said the mother, "be sure you make a nice bow."

"You bet I will," said Johnny.

"And let your hands hang easily by your side like this," and his father struck an attitude.

"Of course."

"Are you sure you know your piece?" asked his sister.

"Yep," said Johnny, and he recited the first two lines:

"I wish I had a little dog,
To pat him on the head."

"That's right; he'll do splendidly," remarked his mother. "You'll go on in a minute now and we must get into our seats. Don't you be scared a bit, Johnny."

"Whoth scared?" asked Johnny, who began to feel a sinking of the knees, while his heart seemed to rise until it was in his mouth, and then somebody was pushing him forward, and he saw a lot of faces, not one of which he had ever seen before, and it was lighter than any electric searchlight he had ever seen.

"Speak up, now," said the manager of the entertainment.

"Make your bow and say your piece."

Johnny made his bow and the audience applauded, but he had difficulty in finding his tongue, which seemed lost in the roof of his mouth. His hands hung down as his father suggested, making him look like a little wooden man, and when he forgot and stuffed them into his pockets the audience again applauded. The manager took that opportunity for a stage whisper.

"Speak up, now," and he began with the first line. Then Johnny said in a strange, hoarse voice:

"I wish I had a little pat,
To dog him on the head."

Roars of laughter, and frantic demonstrations on the part of Johnny's family. He began again:

"I wish I had a little pat,
To head him on the dog."

His father rose in his seat, but this only added to Johnny's confusion.

Again the boy essayed:

"I wish I had a little dog,
To head him on the pat."

Then a weary family took Johnny by the hand and led him home.

LAUGHTER.

HERE'S to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the leaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the head of the cup of pleasure. It dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy, for it is the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief. It is what kings envy the peasant, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent. It is the sheen on the silver of smiles; the ripple on the water's delight, the glint of the gold of gladness. Without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear, and smiles would shrivel. For it is the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan song of sadness.

KISS HER.

T. A. Daly.

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SAY, young man! if you've a wife,
Kiss her.
Every morning of your life,
Kiss her.
Every evening when the sun
Marks your day of labor done,
Get you homeward on the run—
Kiss her.

Even though you're feeling bad,
Kiss her.
If she's out of sorts and sad,
Kiss her.
Act as if you meant it, too;
Let the whole true heart of you
Speak its ardor when you do
Kiss her.

If you think it's "soft," you're wrong,
Kiss her!
Love like this will make you strong,
Kiss her.
You're her husband now, but let
Her possess her lover yet.
Every blessed chance you get,
Kiss her.

Every good wife lets her man
Kiss her.
Be a man, then, when you can;
Kiss her.
If you'd strike with telling force
At the Evil of Divorce,
Just adopt this simple course:
Kiss her.

MR. DOOLEY ON RISING OF THE SUBJECT RACES.

F. P. DUNNE.

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"YE'ER frind Simpson was in here a while ago," said Mr. Dooley, "an' he was that mad."

"What ailed him?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "it seems he wint into me frind Hip Lung's laundhry to get his shirt an' it wasn't ready. He called Hip Lung such names as he cud raymimber an' thried to dhrag him around th' place be his shinin' braid. But instead iv askin' f'r mercy, as he ought to, Hip Lung swung a flat-iron on him an' thin ironed out his spine as he galloped up th' stairs. He come to me f'r advice an' Hogan, who was here, grabs him an' says he:

"I congratulate ye, my boy. Ye have a chance to be wan iv th' first martyrs in th' white race in th' gr-reat sthruggle that's comin' between thim an' th' tinted races iv th' wurruld,' he says. 'Ye'll be another Jawn Brown's body or Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Go back an' let th' Chink kill ye, an' cinchries hence people will come with wreaths an' ate hard biled eggs on ye'er grave,' he says. But Simpson said he did not care to be a martyr.

"Hogan, d'ye mind, has a theery that it's all been up with

us blonds since th' Jap'nese war. Hogan is a prophet. He's wan iv th' gr-reatest prophets I know. A prophet, Hinnissy, is a man that foresees trouble. A successful weather prophet is wan that predicts thunder-storms, hurrycanes an' earthquakes; a good financial prophet is wan that predicts panics, iverybody busted an' Jawn D. Rockyfeller windin' a hand-organ.

"Says I: 'Cheer up; we'll have a good time at th' picnic next Saturday.' Says Hogan: 'It will rain at th' picnic.' Oh, he's a rale prophet. He cudden't find a goold mine f'r ye, but he cud see th' bottom iv wan through three thousand feet iv bullyon.

"Hogan says th' time has come f'r the subjick races iv th' wurruld to rayjooce us fair wans to their own complexion be batin' us black an' blue. Up to now 'twas: 'Sam, ye black rascal, tow in thim eggs or I'll push ye'er face in th' fire.' 'Yassir,' says Sam. 'Comin,' he says. 'Twas: 'Wow Chow, while ye'er idly stewin' me cuffs I'll set fire to me unpaid bills.' 'I wud feel repaid be a kick,' says Wow Chow. 'Twas: 'Maharajah Sewar, swing th' fan swifter or I'll have to roll over f'r me dog-whip.' 'Higgins Sahib,' says Maharajah Sewar, 'Higgins Sahib, beloved of Gawd an' Kipling, ye'er punishments ar-re th' nourishment iv th' faithful. My blood hath served thine f'r manny ginerations. At laste two. 'Twas thine old man that blacked my father's eye an' sint my uncle up f'r eight days. How will ye'er honor have th' accursed swine's flesh cooked f'r breakfast in th' mornin' whin I'm through fannin' ye?'

"But now, says Hogan, it's all changed; an' in a few years I'll be takin' in laundry in a basement, an' ye'll be settin' in front iv ye'er cabin home playin' on a banjo an' watchin' ye'er little pickahinnissies rollickin' on th' ground an' wondhrin' whin th' lynchin' party'll arrive.

"That's what Hogan says. I nivir knew th' subjick races had so much in thim before. A few years ago I had no more thought iv Japan thin I have iv Dorgan's cow. I admire Dorgan's cow. I have often leaned on th' fence an' watched Dorgan milkin' his cow. Sometimes I wondhered why as good an' large a cow

as that shud let a little man like Dorgan milk her. But if Dorgan's cow shud stand up on her hind legs, kick over the bucket, chase Dorgan out iv th' lot, put on a khaki unyform, grab hold iv a Mauser rifle an' begin shootin' at me, I wudden't be more surprised thin I am at th' idee iv Japan bein' wan iv th' nations iv th' wurruld.

"I don't see what th' subjick races have got to kick about, Hinnissy. We've been awfully good to thim. We sint them missionaries to teach thim th' error iv their relligyon, an' nawthin' cud be kinder thin that, f'r there's nawthin' people like betther thin to be told that their parents are not be anny means where they thought they were, but in a far more crowded an' excitin' locality. An' with th' missionaries we sint sharpshooters that cud pick off a Chinyman beatin' th' contribution-box at five hundhred yards. We put up palashal goluf-courses in their cimitries, an' what was wanst th' tomb iv Hung Chang, th' gr-reat Tartar impror, rose to th' dignity iv bein' th' bunker guardin' th' fifth green.

"No Chinyman cud fail to be pleased at seein' a tall Englishman hittin' th' Chinyman's grandfather's coffin with a niblick.

"An' now, all these here wretched millyons that we've done so much f'r ar-re turnin' on us. Th' Japs threaten us with war. Th' Chinese won't buy shoes fr'm us an' ar-re chasin' th' missionaries out iv their cosy villas, an' not even givin' them a chance to carry away their piannies or their silverware. There's th' divvle to pay all along th' levee fr'm Manchura to Madagascar, accordin' to Hogan. Th' first thing we know all th' other subjick races will be up. Th' horses will kick and bite, th' dogs fly at our throats whin we lick thim, th' fishes will refuse to be caught, th' cattle an' pigs will set fire to th' stock-yards, an' there'll be a gin-ral rebellyon against th' white man. It's no laughin' mather, I tell ye.

"A subjick race is on'y funny whin its ra-aly subjick. About three years ago I stopped laughin' at Jap'nese jokes. Ye have to feel supeeryor to laugh, an' I'm gettin' over that feelin'. An'

nawthin' makes a man so mad an' so scared as whin something he looked down on as infeeryor tur-rns on him. If a fellow man hits him he hits him back. But if a dog bites him he yells, 'Mad dog!' an' him an' th' neighbors pound th' dog to pieces with clubs. If th' naygurs down South iver got together an' flew at their masters ye'd heer no more coon songs f'r a while. Anyhow, I can't take the time to worry about it yet, I guess they've been infeeryor too long to change. It's got to be a habit with thim."

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART.

ONLY a woman's heart, whereon
You have trod in your careless haste;
A thing at best that was easy won;
What matter how drear a waste
Her life may be in the future years!
What matters it? Do not start—
It is only the sound of dropping tears
As wrung from a woman's heart.

'Tis of little worth, for it cost you naught
But a honeyed word and a smile.
Was the fault not hers, if she blindly thought
You were truer than truth the while?
What if the seeds of a life-long woe
From its broken shrine upstart!
What does it matter to you? You know
It is only a woman's heart.

Only a heart to be thrown away
With the recklessness that a boy
Who, careless of pleasure and weary of play,
Would throw down a broken toy.
The world is fair and the world is wide,
And there's more in its busy mart
(Conscience, you know, you have put aside);
It is only a woman's heart.

But powerless is your boasted will
To vanquish the ghost of sin;
It has spoken oft, and it whispers still
Your soul's dark chambers in.
In the drama of one life you know
You have acted the villain's part,
For you struck a hard, a cruel blow,
And it fell on a woman's heart.

Only a woman's heart, ah, well!
'Tis little, I trow, to you,
Whether that heart was as false as hell,
Or as heaven itself as true,
You may hug the thought to your selfish breast
That you're skilled in deception's art;
But I brand you thief, for the peace and rest
That you stole from a woman's heart.

PUSSY AND THE LACE.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL.
(1810-1865)

YES, such lace cannot be got now for either love or money; made by the nuns abroad, they tell me. They say that they can't make it now even there. I treasure up my lace very much. I daren't even trust the washing of it to my maid. I always wash it myself. And once it had a narrow escape. Of course, you know that such lace must never be starched or ironed. Some people wash it in sugar and water, and some in coffee, to make it the right yellow color; but I myself have a very good recipe for washing it in milk, which stiffens it enough, and gives it

a good creamy color. Well, I had tacked it together (and the beauty of this fine lace is that, when it is wet, it goes into a very little space), and put it to soak in milk, when, unfortunately, I left the room. On my return, I found pussy on the table, looking very like a thief, but gulping very uncomfortably, as if she was half-choked with something she wanted to swallow and could not. And, would you believe it? At first I pitied her, and said, "Poor pussy! poor pussy!" till, all at once, I looked and saw the cup of milk empty—cleaned out! "You naughty cat!" said I, and I believe I was provoked enough to give her a slap, which did no good, but only helped the lace down—just as one slaps a choking child on the back. I could have cried, I was so vexed; but I determined I would not give the lace up without a struggle for it. I hoped the lace might disagree with her, at any rate; but it would have been too much for Job, if he had seen, as I did, that cat come in, quite placid and purring, not a quarter of an hour after, and almost expecting to be stroked. "No, pussy! if you have any conscience you ought not to expect that!" And then a thought struck me; and I rang the bell for my maid, and sent her to the doctor, with my compliments, and would he be kind enough to lend me one of his top-boots for an hour? I did not think there was anything odd in the message; but Jenny said the young men in the office laughed as if they would be ill at my wanting a top-boot. When it came, Jenny and I put pussy in, with her forefeet straight down, so that they were fastened, and could not scratch, and we gave her a teaspoonful of currant-jelly in which I had mixed some tartar emetic. I shall never forget how anxious I was for the next half-hour. I took pussy to my own room, and spread a clean towel on the floor. I could have kissed her when she returned the lace to sight, very much as it had gone down. Jenny had boiling water ready, and we soaked it and soaked it, and spread it on a lavender-bush in the sun before I could touch it again, even to put it in milk. But now you would never guess that it had been in pussy's inside.

TRUE TO BROTHER SPEAR.

I CAN'T decide why Brother Spear
Was never joined to me;
It wasn't because the good old Dear
Hadn't every chance to be;
If Poetry remarked one time
That Womanhood is true,
It's more than probable that I'm
The one it had in view;
For, search the city low and high,
And no one will you hear
To say or hint but what that I
Was true to Brother Spear.

I mothered all his daughters when
Their mother's life cut short,
Although they didn't —now or then—
So much as thank me for't;
I laughed—though scorched with inside rage—
And said I didn't care,
When his young son, of spank'ble age,
Removed my surplus hair;
I called and called and called there; why
He ne'er was in seemed queer;
The housemaid even owned that I
Was true to Brother Spear.

I hired a sitting in the church
Near him, but cornerwise,
So his emotions I could search
With my devoted eyes;
And when the sermon used to play
On love, divine and free,

I nodded him, as if to say:
"He's hitting you and me!"
He went and took another pew—
Of "thousand tongues" in fear;
But what sin was it to be true
To good old Brother Spear?

Poor man! I recollect he spoke,
One large prayer-meeting night,
And told how smallish we all look
In Heaven's majestic sight;
He said, not worthy he had been—
By conscience e'er abhorred—
To be a door-keeper within
The temple of the Lord;
And that his place for evermore,
Undoubtedly and clear,
Was mainly back *behind* the door—
Poor humble Brother Spear!

And then *I* rose, and made a speech,
Brimful of soul-distress,
And told them how words could not reach
My own unworthiness;
How orphanage I tried to soothe,
And cheerless widowerhood;
But in the Lord's great house, in truth,
I, too, felt far from good,
And that my trembling heart and mind
Compelled it to appear
That my place henceforth was behind
The door with Brother Spear.

Poor man! he ne'er again, they say,
Was heard to strongly speak;
He took down ill that very day,
And died within a week.

But one prayer oft they heard him give—
That when his days were o'er,
I still upon this earth might live
A thousand years or more.
As his betrothed I figure now
And shed the frequent tear;
And all his relatives will vow
I'm true to Brother Spear.

THE GOVERNOR'S LAST LEVEE.

SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

[By permission of the author and of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*]

TYRON was gone from the South, and Martin, destined to be the last of the Royal Governors of North Carolina, ruled in the New Berne palace. The country was seething with discontent engendered by exorbitant taxation and bad government. Tyron had bequeathed to his successor a legacy of popular dissatisfaction which was to break at last in the Revolutionary storms. There were political prisoners in the New Berne jail awaiting their pardon or condemnation at his hands, and among them the best loved was Thomas Ruffin of Hillsboro.

Each spring since her childhood Anise Burgwyn had been sent to Hillsboro to visit her aunt, and Thomas Ruffin had been her next-door neighbor. He was older, with a courtier's power to please. And so it chanced that, while to him she seemed ever but an amusing child, he came gradually to fill the whole horizon of her life.

Now he had been found guilty of treason against His Serene Majesty across the sea, and the full penalty of the law was to be exacted.

Just after New Year, one morning, two liveried footmen came out of the palace door, each bearing a huge basket decked with scarlet ribbons. At every door of consequence they paused and left a square paper closed with the Governor's seal which read:

> "His Excellency, Governor Martin, bids you to a levee to be given in his palace on Thursday, ye twenty-third of January, 1774, at seven in ye evening."

Trunks were opened, closets ransacked, seamstresses were summoned, and the town went to work on its ball clothes.

"Not going to the levee!" Betty Gaston exclaimed to Anise as she twisted herself before the mirror. Why, Anise, what ails you? Does your decision mean a quarrel with Colonel Ferguson, the Governor's nephew?"

"Nay; I have but lost interest in the ball."

Betty laughed. "Go to this ball you must. My brother would miss you sorely, and you know Colonel Ferguson always asks you for the cotillon."

But Anise shook her head. The sight of party finery made her sick at heart. The rest of the world might forget Thomas Ruffin, but she remembered, and the thought stung her with misery.

The morning of the ball Betty came hastily in.

"What think you, Anise? Father has a plan to set free Master Ruffin. The thing is to keep the Governor in good humor and to gain Colonel Ferguson's influence. You only can do the latter; and so father says that you must go to the ball and be as gracious as you know how."

So it was that when darkness fell, Anise made herself beautiful in her lilac satin, her pearl necklace, and her shoes with their silver buckles, and went away to the palace. Shimmer of silk and shine of jewels were everywhere; garlands swung from cornice and ceiling, and on the marble mantels silver candelabra held great twinkling bouquets that had blossomed flame. Dainty dames with powdered coiffures swung back and forth in the mazes of

the dance, and cavaliers in parti-colored velvet and perfumed lace saluted them with stately bows; while over the whole, like an invisible intoxicant, the music throbbed and rippled.

At the head of the room stood Governor Martin. By him was Colonel Ferguson, the personification of youth. The first part of the evening his duties kept him at his uncle's elbow, but at the earliest moment he was at Anise's side, protesting that the evening would be spoiled for him if she were pledged to any one else for the cotillon.

"Master Gaston asked me——"

"But you did not promise him?"

"I told him it was a matter of such grave import that I must have time to consider."

"You knew well that I would dance with no one else. Tell Master Gaston he may have the minuet instead." He reached for her dancing-tablet, but she withdrew it, laughing merrily.

"Master Gaston bid high for the dance, offering me his new riding-horse. Will you raise his bid?"

"Even unto the half of my kingdom!"

She held out the tablet. "I will name the wager later."

Then some one plucked him by the sleeve and he found himself obliged to give his attention to a new arrival.

They talked apart in undertones; but Anise caught these words:

".....a plot to arouse public sympathy. Your influence is to be most adroitly sought, and you must be upon your guard. It behooves us to make an example of this fellow if we hope for peace."

"Any intercession on his behalf would be useless," answered Ferguson. "Thomas Ruffin is a doomed man. The order for his execution was this day written and signed."

"And his associates—what of them?"

"Being but minor offenders, my uncle hath listened to the court's recommendation for mercy, and orders for their release lie on His Excellency's table along with the sentence of Master

Ruffin, awaiting but the insertion of the names and the affixing of the official seal."

"There can be no mistake about this?"

"I left the papers upon my uncle's desk in the secretary's room not an hour ago."

When John Gaston sought Anise for the minuet she was not in the room.

In the hall, in the shadow of a curtain, she stood until the dancing had begun. Then she crept to the rear stairway, and sped downward through the semi-darkness. The order for Thomas Ruffin's execution was on the Governor's table in the secretary's office. She had meant to make his liberty the price of her dance with Ferguson, but this was a surer way.

The palace comprised three buildings, a large central one in which were state apartments, a small one to the right containing the offices and another to the left containing the private apartments. Anise opened without hesitation the door on the right hand, and stood a moment in doubt, for the flambeaux from the court without threw a fitful light into the colonnade along which she must pass, and a soldier strode back and forth in the full glare just outside the row of columns. She gathered her lilac satin gown close about her and waited in the dark of the doorway until the guard came close to her and then turned on his beat. Like some stealthy, cat-footed animal of the night she followed him from the shadow of one column to the shadow of another, her satin slippers making no sound upon the stone flags. Behind the last column she waited while he reached the door of the office-building and slowly faced about. Nothing but that stone pillar was between her and a fate she dared not picture. Cautiously, step by step, as the guard advanced she moved around the column, keeping it always between herself and him.

One, two, three, four measured footfalls, and the man was opposite her; another would take him past.

"Who goes there?" The blood in Anise's veins stood still.

The big clock upstairs ticked thrice ere, with a grunt, the

man passed on satisfied. His back once turned, Anise darted under the flambeau which hung beside the open door, and leaned panting against the wall in the dim passage. At a table sat a porter snoring loudly, the empty flagon beside him telling its own tale. The door beyond him was her destination. But when she had crept to it she found it locked. She wrung her hands in an agony of despair. Outside, the guard was again approaching and she had to crouch behind the sleeping porter to save herself. She saw that a bunch of keys hung from his jerkin pocket. Instantly she was back at the door, trembling with excitement. The first key was too large, the second too small, but the third turned and the door swung open. She dropped upon her knees, for a taper burned on the table, and those without might see her through the curtains. Crossing the room thus, she lifted herself carefully until the contents of the table were spread before her. This was not the paper, nor that, nor that. Here was another—but what was that sound? A step in the hall? No, it was but a horse champing at his bit in the courtyard. Ah! the paper must be in this packet tied with its fresh tape. Here it was: "Order in Case of Thomas Ruffin." Her fingers shook so she could scarcely thrust the document into the bosom of her gown. She was about to crawl away when another paper in the packet caught her eye. It was the order of release for one of Thomas's associates; the blank space was there for the name, the place below for the Governor's seal. For one moment the table reeled before the girl's eyes; then her mouth grew hard; her hand reached for the quill; then for the sealing-wax; then for the Governor's die that lay in the tray. A moment more and Thomas Ruffin's name filled the blank line of the release order and the red seal was in its proper place.

People said Anise Burgwyn had never been so beautiful, had never smiled with such witchery, never danced with such exquisite grace as in the cotillon that night.

An hour later she was missed from among the cloaked and hooded guests taking their decorous leave of the hosts. She had left some time before, Colonel Ferguson said; her head ached.

New Berne town slept late the day after the levee. But at ten o'clock there was a great stir at the palace; the Governor's private office had been entered and important papers abstracted. Inquiry for the offender proved futile; the porter declared the keys had not been out of his possession, and the sentinel had guarded the office door all night. Colonel Ferguson rode in hot haste to the jail only to find the jailer serene and smiling.

"Master Ruffin? Oh, yes, sir, he got off all right. Before dawn, while the levee was still at its height, a man and a woman came to the jail with an order for Master Ruffin's immediate release; and as the paper was duly signed and stamped I let the prisoner go."

By midday the town was seething with excitement, and explanations were offered and rejected. It seemed like the work of witches. Toward evening an orderly cried through the town a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of the culprit.

Anise Burgwyn, standing at her gate, heard and laughed her silvery laugh.

"Methinks so bold and bad a robber would be worth twice the sum, Colonel Ferguson," she said to that officer.

She knew that Thomas Ruffin was safe in the insurgent-patriots' camp, to share their triumph or defeat.

THE DRESS REFORMER.

AN advocate of dress reform,
In dress reform array,
Walked out, for reasons known to her—
It was a rainy day.
Her gown was neat, and short, and sweet,
And frankly showed her tidy feet;
And sister women looked askance,
Exclaiming with each sidewise glance:
"Did you ever!"

The advocate of dress reform,
  Without the least dismay,
Went safely o'er the muddy street
  And lightly on her way.
Her sisters gasp, and clutch, and clasp
Their garments with a frantic grasp,
And lift their skirts, quite unaware,
To heights no dress reform would dare!
  "Did you ever!"

The advocate of dress reform
  Goes home, quite fresh and dry,
And, full of satisfaction, puts
  Her natty storm-suit by.
Her sisters fret at mud and wet,
And scowl, and shake, and brush, and yet
Console themselves in spite of dirt—
"At least we wear a modest skirt!
  Did you ever!"

THE McSWATS SWEAR OFF.

[Without speaking the word "puff" imitate the puff of one smoking.]

"LOBELIA, my love, another long and delightful evening is before us."

The young husband was arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous, variegated and dazzling complexion. He sat in a luxurious armchair and rested his tired feet on the soft plush cushions of two other chairs. In his hand he held a magazine of large print, which he was trying laboriously to read with the aid of an eye-glass he had purchased under the deep and solemn conviction that his position in society required him to use something of the kind.

"Is there anything else I can do for your comfort, Billiger?" tenderly inquired the young wife.

"I think not, Lobelia," he replied after considering a few moments; "though if you will kindly open that package of 'Lone Jack' and put the smoking set within reach I shall be obliged."

Mrs. McSwat did so, and with her own fair hands she filled his new meerschaum, whose bowl was already taking a brownish tinge that gave promise of richer and grander result in the happy future.

"You don't know, Lobelia, (puff) how gratefully I (puff) appreciate your (puff) kindness in interposing no objection to my indulgence in (puff, puff) this habit. Hard as would have been the sacrifice, Lobelia, I (puff) would have quit it cheerfully—that is to say, (puff) with comparative cheerfulness—if you had exacted it."

"How could I have asked you to quit smoking, Billiger," replied the young wife, "when you have never made the least objection to my chewing gum?"

Mr. McSwat laid the pipe down and looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you chew gum, Lobelia?" he said. "I never suspected it."

"I—I confess I do sometimes, Billiger."

"Mrs. McSwat," said he severely, "have you any idea of the consequences of inveterate gum-chewing? Do you know the inconceivably vile materials of which the stuff is made?"

"It can't be any worse, Mr. McSwat, than the poisonous, filthy, reeking fumes of that dirty old pipe you are——"

"Lobelia McSwat, have a care! Don't provoke me too far, or——"

"Billiger McSwat, do you dare to threaten me? Don't glare and squint at me through that eye-glass till you have learned how to use it, sir. You are——"

"Lobelia," exclaimed the young husband, pale with con-

flicting emotions, "you have spoken sneeringly of this meerschaum. It cost twenty-five dollars. But let that pass. I can bear it. To think, though, that the woman I have vowed to love and cherish," and his voice faltered—"upon whom I have poured out the treasure of a heart's richest affection, is a g-gum chew-chewer! O! O! Lobelia!"

"B-Billiger!" sobbed Lobelia, "I'll qu-quit ch-chewing if you'll stop smoking!"

"I'll do it, my love!" he exclaimed.

His brow aflame with lofty and noble resolve, Billiger wrapped his smoking set, with pipe, tobacco and all, in a paper and threw the package to the remotest depths of a dark and gloomy attic on the top-most floor, while Lobelia gathered up all her wads of gum from their various hiding-places, rolled them into a compact bundle, and threw them into the attic likewise.

"With these slight sacrifices, Lobelia," said Billiger, tenderly, "we propitiate the good angels of domestic bliss, and banish forever the demon of discord from our hearthstone!"

* * * * * * * *

Forty-eight hours had passed—forty-eight short, happy hours. Night had come again.

Billiger was in that attic. He had sneaked into it, and was fumbling around noiselessly for something. In the dark his hand had come in contact with a shoe, and he grasped it. It had a foot in it.

There was a faint scream.

"Mrs. McSwat, is that you?"

"Mr. McSwat, it is."

"What are you doing here, madam?"

"Sir, I am looking for my gum. What are you doing here?"

"Madam, I am hunting for my pipe."

DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

WILLIAM STERLING BATTIS.

A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! —*Christmas Carol.*

Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. —*Pickwick.*

How many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken! —*Pickwick.*

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many. —*Sketches.*

It is a world full of hearts, and a serious world, with all its follies. —*Battle of Life.*

Still on the lower branches of the tree, Christmas associations cluster thick. —*Christmas Tree.*

The will to do well is the next thing to having the power. —*Sketches.*

May the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you. —*Chimes.*

And it might be pleasant to remember, Christmas day, who made lame men walk and blind men see. —*Christmas Carol.*

So in our judgments, as in our doings, we must bear and forbear. —*Hard Times.*

Glorious! Golden sunlight! Heavenly sky! Sweet, fresh air, and the merry chime of bells! —*Christmas Carol.*

Reflect! cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and famous preservers of good looks. —*Barnaby Rudge.*

Every blessing that a true and earnest heart can call down from the source of all truth, cheer you. —*Oliver Twist.*

Every failure teaches a man something, if he will only learn. —*Little Dorrit.*

That man must be a misanthrope, indeed, in whose heart something like a jovial feeling is not aroused by the recurrence of Christmas. —*Sketches.*

It is the highest part of the highest creed to forgive before memory sleeps. —*Haunted Man.*

Natural affection and instinct are the most beautiful of the Almighty's works. —*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you! God bless us, every one! —*Christmas Carol.*

THE CHATTERBOX.

FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS.

[Monologue for a Woman.]

[Owned exclusively by Edgar S. Werner & Co.

CHARACTERS:

MRS. AUGUSTUS BLOUNT.
MISS MAYBELLE DE NOODE.
THE BARON.
THE COUNT.
MR. AUGUSTUS BLOUNT.

SCENE.—MRS. BLOUNT'S private box at the Metropolitan Opera House on a Wagner first night. MRS. BLOUNT and MAYBELLE discovered sitting well forward; MR. BLOUNT standing bored in the background; the BARON just entering, accompanied by the COUNT.

MRS. BLOUNT.—Why, Baron dear, how do you do? Is this your friend the Count? My cousin, Miss Maybelle de Noode; my husband, Mr. Blount.

[*All bow profoundly. The* BARON *presents* MRS. BLOUNT *with a cluster of superb roses.* MR. BLOUNT *withdraws into still greater privacy and taking out a newspaper begins to read.*]

How kind of you to think of me! Jacque roses I adore; of course, we'll "talk", why not, I pray? "The music!" such a bore. [*Aside to* MAYBELLE.] My darling May, I'm sure the Count is just a perfect love. Why don't you speak in French to him and let him lace your glove? [MAYBELLE *and the* COUNT *withdraw slightly into the recess of the box.*] Oh, Baron, such a sweet, sweet scheme. We're going to give a play—for orphans, I'm to do the lead and you'll support, say? of course, you will! You lovely boy, and don't forget next week our dinner-dance at Mrs. Newe's with all our own dear clique. [*Turns to the* COUNT.] Oh, Count, I want to ask you now, my memory is so poor; on Tuesday next from three till six, I shall expect you, sure; Maybelle, my love, do

tell the Count about Miss Glibbe's last tea, of how she blundered and mistook our footman for Lord Leigh! [*Turns back to the* BARON.] Yes, Baron, I am sure of it, poor Ethel is to blame; divorce, of course, and Arthur has two millions—what a shame! [*Taps his arm with her fan.*] Oh, nonsense! no, you don't at all. You do? Love me! Well, there, yes—just one bud—I'll pin it in your boutonniere. Now—promise like the saint you are! You'll join us on the yacht. I knew you would. Do tell me, too, are you a real "crack" shot? [*Turns to the* COUNT.] I beg your pardon, Count, you asked? Oh, "German," yes, of course: dear Wagner! what a soul he had. Yes, Alvary seems hoarse. [*Turns to* MAYBELLE.] Maybelle, my love, do tell me quick, *is* that Dick Delamere? it is? the scamp! and with Miss Ketch!—his wife not dead a year. [*Turns back to the* BARON.] Yes, Baron, yes, it must be so; I read it just to-day. The papers never make mistakes. Poor Nan was always—gay. [*To* MR. BLOUNT.] What's that, my dear? "Excuse you?" Oh, of course. These dreadful men! They always want to "go and smoke," no matter where or when. [*Exit* MR. BLOUNT. *The leader of the orchestra turns around in his chair.*] Whatever is the matter now? Herr Seidl's turned around! [*Music slowly ceases.*] And orchestra and artists, all [*music stops entirely*] are silent, not a sound, and every soul in all the house is staring straight at us; do, Baron, go, for heaven's sake! and call my husband. Gus! [*Exit the* BARON *hastily.*] Maybelle, whatever have you done? or what on earth's occurred to—What! *my* "talking!" Miss De Noode, I scarce have said one word!!—and if I had I'd have them know—the horrid ill-bred things!—I'll laugh and chat the four acts through, no matter what it brings; the bare idea! to stop right short and stare just like an ox, because I choose to entertain in my own opera-box.

[*Enter the* BARON *and* MR. BLOUNT—*and exeunt presently the whole party,* MRS. BLOUNT *very reluctantly, as the music slowly resumes, and* HERR SEIDL *takes up his baton.*]

[CURTAIN.]

ONE GIRL AND THREE VIEWS.

FRANCES DE WOLFE FENWICK.

[Written expressly for this book.]

FIRST VIEW (*Her Brother's*).

THERE'S a good old Bet—my sister, you know,
As nice a girl as you'd want to meet;
But, Gee! what a mouth! and what goggly eyes!
And such hair! it's redder than any beet.
Poor thing! it's queer she should be so plain—
I'm sure my mother's good-looking, yet—
Too bad one's sister should look like that.
And yet I'm fond of her—poor old Bet!

SECOND VIEW (*Her Lover's*).

Why, there's Elizabeth—Powers above!
Can anything human be so fair?
What glorious eyes—they're pools of light,
And where could you match that auburn hair?
I wonder every man on the street
Doesn't gape in wonder and hold his breath.
Cleopatra and Helen were fools to her;
Perhaps Venus might touch her—Elizabeth!

THIRD VIEW (*Her Girl Friend's*).

Why, here comes Betty; she looks quite nice
In that large, black hat—it tones down her hair.
She's wise to stick to those dotted veils,—
They make her complexion look quite fair.
Her mouth is big; but she's got nice eyes!
She's really almost a pretty girl,
When she's dressed as well as she is to-day—
I must ask how she keeps her hair in curl.

"THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS PAIN."

HENRY C. ROWLAND.

THE sudden shying of his hunter almost threw the doctor into the road, and for a while he hovered in mid-air at least three feet above the seat. So perfect, however, was his Park form, that when he alighted, his former correct position was unchanged.

Annoyed, he brought in his hunter with a vigor that almost hauled him back over the dashboard.

Standing at the foot of an ivy-covered elm was a lady.

"I beg your pardon," he began.

"Oh, don't mention it. I was a bit startled for a moment, as you seemed to be charging right down upon us, but it was all right as soon as I opened my parasol at your horse."

She glanced down at her side. Following her eyes, the doctor was startled to see the prostrate figure of a man.

"What's the matter? Have you had an accident?"

"Oh, hardly that—my father and I were driving, and as we went over this rut the hind axle broke and let us down. Father was thrown against that tree."

"I should be inclined to call that an accident. Is your father hurt?" Dr. Wentworth leaped to the ground and tied his horse to a sapling.

"He is not hurt" said the girl. "You are very kind, but we do not need any assistance. I have sent a farmer-boy for a trap."

The doctor walked over to the prostrate man, who was spare and gray and elderly; he was lying on his back and his face was ashen.

The man emitted a quavering groan. "There is no such thing as pain," he gasped brokenly.

A horrible suspicion threw a light into Wentworth's mind.

"Just at your ill-timed arrival," said the girl, "I had suc-

ceeded in convincing my father that his condition was perfectly normal."

Wentworth turned to her.

"If his normal condition consists of a smashed collar-bone and an arm broken in two places, with incidentally a sprained ankle thrown in, your idea is fairly accurate. Personally I have my doubts."

"I think," she remarked, "that if, instead of referring to an entirely mythical power of evil, we were to unite in prayer, it would prove of the greatest benefit to my poor suff—misguided father."

Wentworth stared at her. He caught sight of a country buggy ditched a few rods down the road.

"Is that your buggy?"

"Yes."

"Suppose you go and pray over *it,* while I am putting a splint on your father's arm. You might get it to knit by the time I got through. There's no reason why it shouldn't work just as well on the axle as on a bone!"

"Will you kindly leave us?"

"No; I won't."

For a moment the girl glared at him with such a vindictive look that he thought she was going to strike him. A groan came from the prostrate man, and at the sound she suddenly burst into a wild storm of tears.

Wentworth hesitated; then, whipping out his heavy clasp-knife, split a small sapling and cut three splints. Kneeling by the father, he gently loosed his collar and cravat and, with the aid of his handkerchief, proceeded to immobilize the fractured arm.

"Go over and look under the seat of my cart and you will find a flask in the pocket of my overcoat," he said to the girl; "mix a little brandy and water in the cover and give him a drink. His pulse is very bad!"

There was a moment's pause; then his order was obeyed.

Together they gave the sufferer to drink, and Wentworth noticed a feeble but gratified smack as the last swallow passed his lips. A faint color crept into the pallid cheeks, and, as he met Wentworth's look, there was just the suspicion of a flicker in the upper lid of the left eye. "Do you happen to have any more of that stimulant, doctor?" he asked. "It seems to strengthen my faith."

"Certainly," said Wentworth. He turned to the daughter. "Give him another drin—er—that is, let us repeat the stimulant." The girl obeyed in ominous calm. As she was filling the flask-cover the rattle of wheels suddenly broke in upon them. A smart two-seated buckboard drawn by a pair of heavy grays came in sight. On the back seat were two elderly ladies. Suddenly one of them leaned forward.

"Why, Honoria!" she called, "what are you doing here? Where is your father? What is that you have in your hand? A flask? Whatever has happened?"

"Father is up there in the bushes. We broke down and were thrown out."

The lady descended hastily. At sight of the doctor she paused, then her piercing eye swept the recumbent figure of her husband.

"Honoria! who is this person?"

"My name is Livingston Wentworth, madame. I am a surgeon, and as I was driving past——"

"A surgeon!—and you have dared to swathe my husband's free limbs in your odious sticks and rubbish? Remove them at once, sir! Eliphalet, I am amazed at you! Get on your feet at once, sir!"

"Pardon me, madame, but I am afraid you do not understand. Your husband's arm and collar-bone are broken, and he is suffering——"

"Remove those bandages at once, sir!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I tell you the man is all smashed up."

The lady turned to the coachman.

"Johnson, come here this minute."

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, I daren't leave the 'osses, ma'am." The grays were dozing apathetically.

"Come here at once!"

The coachman reluctantly descended.

"Remove this person!"

The coachman approached with misgiving.

"You wouldn't 'ave me lay 'ands on a gentleman, ma'am!"

The doctor smiled wickedly.

"Johnson, there is no such thing as pain, but if you attempt to interfere with me or my patient you will need a course of absent treatment for the next six weeks before you are fit for service again."

"I think the 'osses are going to start, ma'am," said the perturbed coachman, springing to the heads of the dozing grays.

There was a somewhat embarrassing pause; then Honoria said quietly:

Mamma, the doctor is right! I think that we had better move papa just as he is without disturbing the dressings——"

"Yes, yes, Patience," exclaimed the prostrate Eliphalet. "Get me home and a-bed; then, after the—er—anatomical relations are properly—er—adjusted, you may treat me according to your own excellent methods. At present I am in a great deal of—er—excitement, and do not feel equal to any more—er—manipulations!"

The doctor bowed.

"Johnson," he called, "come here and help me to put your master in the carriage."

A modest cough from the ground drew his attention. Looking at the injured man, he thought that he caught once more that almost imperceptible flutter of the eyelid. He turned boldly to the wife and mother.

"Madame, since you have so considerately permitted my profane system of treatment to prevail in the present case, I

will carry it out further, to the extent of prescribing for the patient a dose of the orthodox stimulant before he is moved." He turned to the girl. "Will you kindly hand me my flask?"

In an aggrieved silence a heroic dose of the medicine indicated was poured out and given to the patient, who received it with sad but unprotesting fortitude. This done, the unfortunate Eliphalet was tenderly bestowed in the carriage.

"Honoria," commanded the mother, "get in front."

The doctor made a dissenting gesture.

"It would not be safe. Johnson would be too crowded to have perfect control of his horses. If you will permit me," turning to the girl, "it will give me great pleasure to drive you home in my cart."

* * * * * * *

Six weeks later a high English dog-cart was bowling along through the woods. Suddenly the horse shied violently, throwing Honoria almost into the doctor's arms.

"Intelligent animal!" commented the doctor. "He always shies here. He remembers how you startled him the day we first met."

"Ah, yes," murmured the girl softly; "I shall never forget——"

"What?"

"How funny you looked holding the reins and sailing through the air so gracefully."

The doctor surveyed her with dignified reproach.

"Oh, I say—Miss Hampton—oh, by George—" the doctor groaned. Then he slid one arm along the back of the seat. The intelligent hunter slowed into a walk.

The girl turned to him suddenly. Her face was red with laughter.

"Don't take it so to heart, Doctor Wentworth; but every once in a while, when I think of how you looked——"

"Darling!"

"You are insolent!"

"You are an angel!"

"Turn around this minute and take me home!"

The doctor gathered up the reins.

"What do you mean by speaking to me as you did just now?"

"Do you really want to know?"

She shot a glance at him under her long lashes.

The doctor dropped his voice—and the maiden dropped her head—and the next moment the intelligent but misguided hunter started suddenly, for his patrician pointed ears had caught a familiar sound.

"But you are still a Philistine," she pleaded.

"No, dear; I am a convert. There is no such thing as pain!"

THE COWBOY.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

THE bawl of a steer to the cowboy's ear
  Is music of sweetest strain,
And the yelping notes of the gray coyotes
  To him are a glad refrain;
The rapid beat of his bronco's feet
  On the sod as he speeds along
Keep 'livening time to the ringing rhyme
  Of his rollicking cowboy song.
His eyes are bright and his heart is light,
  As the smoke of his cigarette,
There's never a care for his soul to bear,
  No troubles to make him fret;
For a kingly crown in the noisy town
  His saddle he wouldn't change—
No life so free as the life we see
  'Way out on the cattle-range.

Hi-lo! hi-la! for the range away
On the deck of a bronc' of steel,
With a careless flirt of the rawhide quirt
And a dig of the rowelled heel.
And the winds may howl and the thunders growl,
Or the breezes may softly moan,
A rider's life is a royal life,
The saddle a kingly throne.
Hi-lo! hi-la! for the work is play
When love's in the cowboy's eyes,
When his heart is light as the clouds of white
That swim in the summer skies,
And his jolly song speeds the hours along
As he thinks of the little gal
With the golden hair who is waiting there
At the bars of the home corral.

A VILLAGE MYSTERY.

J. L. HARBOUR.

[From *Youth's Companion*. By permission of the publishers.]

NEWCOMERS had moved into the old Haycroft place.

"It ain't natural for folks to keep so much to themselves," Nancy Baker complained to Amanda Dawkins. "But these folks—my land!—they're as close as clams! I've asked the milkman and the groceryman, and they didn't know who they were, either. They pay cash for things, and just order them sent to the Haycroft place. I think it looks kind of suspicious, don't you?"

"Haven't you called yet?" asked Amanda.

"Yes; but a tall, black-eyed, black-whiskered man came to the

door; and, when I asked for the ladies, he said they'd gone out for a walk; and he never said, 'Call again,' or 'Come in.'"

"How much of the family is there?"

"Well, there's this man, and a woman about the same age. Then there's three girls, anywhere from eighteen to twenty-three, and two young men. There's no family resemblance among 'em, and they don't act like brothers and sisters. You mark my words, there's some mystery about that family."

Two days later she appeared at Amanda's door in a state of great excitement.

"There's something wrong in the Haycroft house. They have got crazy people there, and last night that black-eyed man was beating them! I could hear him yelling and using dreadful language clear over to my house! First they'd laugh, and then they'd yell and screech and then they'd moan and cry! And once one of the women screeched out, 'Help! Help!' I want you to come and spend the day with me. I'm scared to death to stay alone. Then, your husband is constable, and it'll be his place to make arrests."

Thus urged, Amanda Dawkins went home with Nancy.

There were no unusual sounds for an hour after they arrived. Then Nancy's sallow face suddenly paled, "Hark! Hear that, will you? Ain't it awful?"

A man's voice, deep and harsh, growled out, "I will be obeyed! Have a care how you defy me!"

"I do defy you!" was the woman's answer.

"Have a care!"

"Do you think I fear you? Touch me at your peril!"

Then the terrified listeners heard a scream and the sound of a heavy fall.

"Ain't it terrible?" gasped Nancy.

Fully agreed that something must be done, the women fled to the village and gave the alarm. Half an hour later they returned with Hiram Dawkins, the town constable, and several able-bodied men armed to the teeth with long-unused pistols,

clubs, butcher-knives and muskets. The men marched up to the Haycroft house. Hiram rapped, and the tall, dark-eyed man opened the door.

"I arrest you in the name of the law!" said Hiram.

"Suppose you tell me what this means."

"It means that there have been mighty suspicious goings-on in this house."

One of the young men began to laugh.

"I knew it, professor; I told you we'd have the police after us."

"They own up!" exclaimed Nancy with uplifted hands, and Hiram was about to step forward with a pair of handcuffs, when the gentleman said:

"Just one moment, please. I suppose we owe you some explanation, and I will tell you that my wife and I are teachers of elocution in the city, and these young people are my pupils who wish to continue their work during the summer vacation. You probably heard us amusing ourselves by giving a little burlesque of a sensational play."

Hiram Dawkins was slow to grasp the idea, but when all the inmates of the house presented themselves in a smiling mood, he began to understand what a summer school of elocution might be.

DROVE HIM MAD.

They took him to the sanitarium moaning feebly: "Thirty-nine, thirty-nine."

"What does he mean by that?" the attendant inquired.

"It's the number of buttons on the back of his wife's new frock," the family doctor explained.

TRAMP MUSICIAN.

Wm. Grant Brooks.

[The household goods of a ruined millionaire were being sold at auction and a fashionable assembly of bidders were present. The auctioneer came to a handsome piano, and, as he opened it, he observed that the maker's catalogue price for the instrument was fourteen hundred dollars. Then he invited any one present to try the instrument, so that all might hear its tone.]

[Music may be introduced in the fifth stanza, continuing throughout poem to last stanza.]

"NOW, here's a grand piano!
Its action is complete;
No blemish mars its polished case,
Its tone is pure and sweet.
Before I sell the instrument
Will some one volunteer
To try it, so all present
Its silvery voice may hear?

"Come, try it," said the auctioneer;
"I'll wait a moment more."
At this second invitation
There's a stir out by the door,
And then a man advances.
See his pale and haggard face!
Amid that grand assembly
He seemed strangely out of place.

Upon his thin, worn features
Dissipation's seal is set,
And a hungry, wild expression
Is seen in his eyes of jet.
His clothes are soiled and ragged,
His hair uncombed and long:
Yet on he goes—unmindful
Of the rich and well-dressed throng.

Straight up to the piano—
He seemed a specter from the tomb—
A murmur of astonishment
Is heard around the room;
At last, the whole assembly,
With taunting jeer and shout,
Rush forward, madly crying,
"Let's put the vagrant out!"

He hesitates one moment,
Then his fingers touch the keys;
A few soft notes, whose power sets
The maddened throng at ease.
Then a sudden burst of melody
And the throng spoke not a word,
Beethoven's grandest music
Thrilled the souls of all who heard.

The piano was almost speaking,
And a voice from heaven above
Seemed talking, through its trembling strings,
And telling earth of love;
The lofty strains are ended,
But the music does not cease;
For melody follows melody,
Like a river of endless peace.

Listen! he is improvising!
The throng with wonder look,
As tones full of joy and sunshine
Flow on like a laughing brook;
Breathlessly they listen
To each melodious strain,
Now like the warble of singing birds,
Now like the pattering rain.

The sunlight seems to disappear,
And night envelops day;
As slowly a touch of sadness
Creeps into the melody.
The hearts of the throng are melted,
Their eyes are filled with tears,
And the past that looms before them
Seems a life of wasted years.

And now comes the sweetest, saddest,
Grandest song 'neath heaven's dome;
The air seems sweeter than ever:
'Tis the melody, "Home, Sweet Home."
Slower and softer the music,
Like the wind through treetops sighing,
Till the faintest murmur lingers,
As a soul that's sinking—dying.

Now the music ceases;
The last note dies away,
And falling across the keyboard,
All motionless he lay;
The auctioneer touched his shoulder,
But the vagabond's life was done;
With the dying notes of "Home, Sweet Home"
His immortal life begun.

NATIONAL DIFFERENCES.

THE Frenchman loves his native wine; the German loves his beer;
The Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf, because it brings good cheer.
The Irishman loves his "whisky straight," because it gives him dizziness.
The American has no choice at all, so he drinks the whole d— business.

NIGHT RUN OF THE "OVERLAND."

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

IT snowed. The switch-lamps at Valley Junction twinkled faintly through the swirling flakes. A broad band of light from the night operator's room shot out into the gloom. Aside from this, the scattered houses of the little hamlet slept in darkness—all but one.

Through the drawn curtains of a cottage a hundred yards from the station, a light shone dully; inside, a young woman sat beside a sick-bed. On the bed lay a young man. "What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked.

"Of you, comparing your life in this wretched place, Sylvia, with what it was before I married you; and thinking of that wonderful thing called 'love,' which can make you content with the change."

"Not content, but happy! Papa will forgive us some day. Just give him time. Some day you'll let me write to him, and tell him where we are, and he'll write back, and say, 'Come home, children, and be forgiven.' But whether he does or not, I would sooner flutter about this little dovecote of ours, and ride on the engine with you, than be mistress of the finest palace papa's money can build."

For a moment the pair looked the love they could not speak; the spell was broken by the distant scream of a locomotive. Sylvia glanced at the clock.

"There's the 'Overland,' she's three minutes late. The wind is dead against her."

They listened in silence to the dull roar of the oncoming train. A moment later they heard the grinding of brake-shoes. At this unexampled occurrence, the sick man threw his wife a startled glance. There came a quick, imperative rap at the door; Sylvia flung it wide, revealing two men, the foremost of whom she recognized as the night operator at the Junction.

"Mrs. Fox, this is the general superintendent, Mr.—"

"My name is Howard, madam," said the official; "we are in trouble; our engineer had a stroke of apoplexy fifteen miles back, and I want your husband to take this train. I know he's sick, but—"

"He's too sick to hold his head up, sir."

"I hate to ask a sick man to get out of bed and pull a train, but we're tied up here hard and fast, with not another engineer in sight; and every minute that train stands there the company loses a thousand dollars. If you can pull her through to Stockton, and will, it will be the best two hours' work you ever did. I will give you five hundred dollars."

Fox rose to his elbow, but sank back, dizzy and trembling from weakness.

"I can't do it, Mr. Howard! If I weren't too dizzy to hold my head up— " Then he fixed his excited eyes upon his wife.

"She'll take the train, sir! and she'll take it through safe. She knows an engine as well as I, and every inch of the road. Sylvia, you must go. It is your duty."

The superintendent gasped and stared at the young woman. For a moment she stood with her dilated eyes fastened upon her husband, then said: "I will go, but some one must stay with him."

Whatever doubts the superintendent may have harbored of the fair engineer's nerve and skill, they were plainly removed when Sylvia returned from an inner room, after an absence of scarcely sixty seconds. An indomitable courage was stamped upon her face. Without hesitation, she stepped to the bedside and kissed her husband good-bye.

"Be brave, girl! You have got to make seventy-five miles an hour or better; but you've got the machine to do it with. Give her her head on all the grades except Four-Mile Creek—don't be afraid!—and give her a little sand on Beechtree Hill. Good-bye —and God keep you!"

As Sylvia stood beneath the great black hulk of iron and steel

which drew the "Overland" and glanced down the long line of mail, express and sleeping-cars her heart almost failed her.

"You are a brave little woman," she heard the superintendent saying. "Don't lose your nerve—but make time whatever else you do. Every minute you make up is money in the company's pocket, and they won't forget it. Besides, we've got a 'big gun' aboard, and I want to show him that a little thing like this don't flustrate us any. If you draw into Stockton on time, I'll add five hundred dollars to that check!" And he lifted her up to the cab.

The fireman stared at Sylvia as she stepped into the cab as though she were a banshee; but she made no explanation, and, after a glance at the steam and the water-gauges, climbed up to the engineer's seat.

The locomotive responded to her touch with an alacrity which seemed almost human. She glanced at the time-table. They were twelve minutes behind time. She threw the throttle wide open, and pushed the reverse-lever into the last notch. The great machine seemed suddenly animated with a demoniac energy. It seemed to strain every nerve to do her bidding, and whirled them faster and faster. Yet, as they flashed through Grafton, they were still ten minutes behind time. Sylvia shut her lips tightly. If it was necessary to defy death on the curves and grades ahead, defy death she would.

One third of the one hundred and forty-nine miles was now gone, and still the "Overland" was ten minutes behind time, and it seemed as if no human power could make it up. They were winding through the Tallahula Hills, where the road was as crooked as a serpent's trail. The engine jerked viciously from side to side, as if resenting the pitiless goading from behind, yet Sylvia dared not slacken speed. The cry of "Time! Time! Time!" was dinned into her ears with every stroke of the piston.

In spite of the half pipe of sand which she let run as they climbed Beechtree Hill—the last of the Tallahulas—it seemed to Sylvia as if they would never reach the summit. At last the high level of the Barren Plains was gained, and for forty miles

they swept along smoothly and almost noiselessly in the deadening snow.

Yet, when Sylvia glanced from the time-table to the clock, as they clicked over the switch-points of Melrose with a force which seemed sufficient to snap them off like icicles, she was chagrined to discover that they were still eight minutes behind. They were now approaching the long twelve-mile descent of Four-Mile Creek, with a beautiful level stretch at the bottom. Sylvia came to a grim determination.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out.

The fireman did not answer; and, setting her teeth, she assumed the burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals. The long heavy train, sweeping down the sharp descent might have been likened to some winged dragon flying low to earth, so appallingly flightlike was the motion.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gauging speed were now at fault, but she believed that they were running two miles to every minute.

Half-way down the grade the train struck a slight curve. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every iron muscle. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the ties.

But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them from the track, and in a few seconds the fire-eating behemoth righted itself.

The young fireman, who up to this time had maintained a stoical calm, suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab, with a face torn by fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried out.

But instantly recovering himself, sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame on his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?"

"Not when we're behind time!" he shouted back.

As the track became smoother, the engine grew calmer; but its bared tongue licked up the flying space for many a mile

before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattetunk, twenty miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called out cheerily:

"On time, madam!"

His voice reached Sylvia's swimming ears faint and distant as she nodded dizzily on her seat, bracing herself against the reverse lever.

Meanwhile, in the general superintendent's private car, a party of men sat smoking. One member of this party was the "big gun" mentioned to Sylvia by the general superintendent —the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha, and Western Railway.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. He suppressed the sex of the engine-runner, but he gave a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unblushingly represented as having risen from his bed to take charge of the engine.

Mr. Staniford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly.

"Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he said. "If it had been on my road, I should have held the train all night rather than drag a sick man from his bed."

"We all know how many trains are held all night on your road, Staniford; these engineers are a heroic set, and I'll do this one justice," answered Howard.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one.

The general superintendent himself finally rose and made his way forward.

Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who seemed nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahula Hills like the lash of a whip, and the two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dackins," observed the superintendent.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor.

"But fearful in the cab, eh?"

"Nothing equal to it, sir."

When he got back to his car, he found Mr. Staniford still up.

"Confound you, Charlie," said the big man. "You've got that sick engineer on my heart with your inflammatory descriptions, for which you probably drew largely on your imagination. I have been sitting here thinking about him. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

"Well, I did, in one respect; but in another I fell short. Staniford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years; and if I don't get several thousand dollars' worth of free advertising out of it, my name isn't C. W. Howard. The best of it is, it's the gospel truth."

"Let's have it."

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man——"

"Fox, did you say? What's his first name?"

"I don't know. What do you know about him? He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him. Go on."

"Ever run on your road?"

"Yes, yes; but that has nothing to do with it. Go on."

"Well, he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him, and knows the road and engine as well as he does. And this is my story, which I didn't tell to the boys for the sake of their nerves,—the 'Overland' at this moment is in the hands of a girl, sir, Fox's wife!"

Staniford took the other's hand, and held it in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl!"

When the "Overland" slowed up at Stockton, twenty seconds ahead of time, Mr. Staniford rushed to the front, and

as Sylvia stepped down from the engine, caught her in his arms, while the crowd of railroad men who knew her and how she had eloped with an engineer on her father's road, took in the situation at a glance and burst into yells of applause.

"SOIS LE BIENVENU, PIERRE!"

MANLEY H. PIKE.

W'EN I been p'tit garçon,
Sat'day a'ternoons I'd play
Doun dere on de Pellinaw
Wit' Sophie St. Bellinay.
She was wait me ev'ry tam,
Smilin' douce et debonnaire,
Sayin' a'ways w'en I cam',
"Sois le bienvenu, Pierre!"

W'en I been have première jeunnesse,
Sunday nights I mak' visite
On Sophie—pe gar, I guess
I not go pefor' minnite!
A'ways she stan' at de door,
A'ways she been waitin' dere,
Sayin' just as once encore,
"Sois le bienvenu, Pierre!"

W'en I been 'n homme marié
('Course, my femme she was Sophie)
Growin' ol' an' growin' gray,
She was meet me comme jadis.
I am tired laike I was dead—
Malade, anxieux—no mattaire.
Pouf! All gone jus' w'en she said,
"Sois le bienvenu, Pierre!"

Now I am 'n vieux bonhomme;
All alone—ah, all alone!
Dieu! I wish I am, en somme,
Wit' Sophie w'ere she been gone.
Still she waits me, for I know,
Smilin' douce et debonnaire,
She will say to me la'haut,
"Sois le bienvenu, Pierre!"

WHEN GRANDMA WAS A GIRL.

ADA A. MOSHER.

[Written expressly for this book.]

[*Enter crowd of little ones dressed in old-time, large-figured skirts, caps, etc.*]

WE'VE been rummaging through the garret
Like so many little mice;
In a rollicksome quest
Through the old cedar chest,
We found these,—and don't they look nice?

[*Lift dress in both hands and turn as if showing it off.*]

They were packed up and pinned—oh, so neatly!
For grandma's particular, very.
And between you and me,
It behooves us to be
Somewhat quiet-like, not to say wary.

[*Lift forefinger of right hand in caution.*]

We thought, since it's raining outside,
We'd have sunshine inside, that would be
The light of old days
In quaint, quiet ways,
When grandma was little like we.

[*Give low, sweeping courtesy, lifting dress slightly as before.*]

The way that she worked and the way that she played
And the dear old songs that she sung:
For grandma can start
And tell stories by heart
Forever of when she was young.

Oh, the slow, stately tread of the grand minuet!
Why, its sweet old music would rhyme
With the dear twilight stories
Of fairyland glories
Beginning with, "Once on a time."

[*Move to places for minuet, in time to music—Dance to an old air.*]

Oh, the funniest way they did in her day—
Why, she never went down to the store
To buy a new dress,
But would—think of it—yes,
Would spin every dress that she wore!

We know it is true—every word we are saying;
We can prove it by her, and what's more,
With our own eyes we've seen
The queer sewing-machine
That used to stand outside her door.

[*Bring small chairs to front of stage, in a semicircle, then all sit.*]

'Neath the cool, spreading shade of an old apple-tree
That whitened with blossoms the ground,
She would sit there and spin
In and out, out and in,
While the wheel went around and around.

[*Make spinning motion with hand and foot to music of Reinecke's "Spinning Song."*]

Oh, I wish you could hear her own trembling voice
Echo over the strains, faint and far,
Like a ghost of the song
That once rose, sweet and strong,
To the touch of her brown old guitar.

[*Sing "Lorena" or some old song to the pantomime of a guitar accompaniment. Paper slipped under the wires of the piano imitates guitar sound.*]

And after the supper was cleared away,
And mamma was put to bed,
The candles were lit
And grandma would sit
And this is the way she would kit and knit.

[*Knitting pantomime.*]

Briskly brisk would the needles go
Till the old hall clock struck nine,
Then slower and slower and still more slow
Till grandma's head would be nodding so—
The sweet old face in the firelight's glow—
Dear sainted grandma mine!

[*Knit slower and slower, ending in nodding to music of "We're A-Noddin' at Our House at Home." At close, all pretend to be sound asleep.*]

JEALOUSY IN THE CHOIR.

SILVERY-NOTED,
Lily-throated,
Starry-eyed and golden-haired,
Charming Anna,
The soprano,
All the singers' hearts ensnared.

Long the tenor
Sought to win her,
Sought to win her for his bride;
And the basso
Loved the lass so,
Day and night for her he sighed.

The demeanor
Of the tenor
To the basso frigid grew;
And the basso
As he was so
Mashed, of course, grew frightened too.

Anna smiled on
Both, which piled on
To their mutual hatred fuel;
So, to win her,
Bass and tenor
Swore they'd fight a vocal duel.

Shrieked the tenor
Like a Vennor
Cyclone howling o'er the plain,
Sang so high
To outvie
The bass, he split his head in twain.

Growled the basso
Till he was so
Low, to hear him was a treat;
Lower still he
Went until he
Split the soles of both his feet.

Charming Anna,
The soprano,
Mourned a week for both her fellows;
Then she wed the
Man who fed the
Wind into the organ-bellows.

TWO LITTLE SUNBONNETS.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

WITH every fresh iron Mrs. Davies made a little detour out of the straight return trip to the ironing-table, to make sure that Comfort was all right. She could see her little pink sunbonnet down the road. Comfort was making mud-pies.

"Bless her little heart!" murmured Mrs. Davies, tenderly.

At the third trip to the window two little pink sunbonnets were visible. The face of the woman watching them clouded over.

"Bother!" cried Mrs. Davies, crossly, "that Collins child's out there again—it does make me provoked!"

Mrs. Davies always called Cynthia's little girl "that Collins child" ever since the trouble that had reared itself between the two friends like an impenetrable wall. Before the trouble she had always said "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," as Cynthia did. How she had loved little sunny-faced Hop-o'-my-Thumb!

The sunbonnets bobbed nearer together until they made but one spot of pink on Mrs. Davies's nearsighted retinas.

"And she's got on a sunbonnet off the same piece as Comfort's—the very same identical piece! I might've known Cynthy Collins would go down to the store and get that calico; she couldn't let it alone after she saw Comfort's sunbonnet. It's just the same way with dresses—dear land, if that Collins child hasn't got on a buff dress, too! Just like Comfort's! It's getting unbearable."

The flatiron pounded back and forth across a snowy sheet.

"I declare I'd like to be on speaking terms with Cynthy Collins again just long enough to speak my mind! It would be a dreadful relief. I've the greatest mind to forbid Comfort's ever playing with that Collins child again as long as she lives!"

But in her heart Comfort's mother knew she should never do it. She knew she could never shut her ears to Comfort's pleading little voice.

"I have to play with her, Mumsie, 'cause she's my snuggest friend," the little voice would plead, and Comfort's mother would yield. Comfort was all she had now. All the love that belonged always to her and the love that had belonged to Comfort's father were concentrated upon that little figure down the road, under the pink sunbonnet. The other sunbonnet—well, Cynthia had Cyrus, and all the other children, besides.

The long, hot morning crawled on toward the noon mark. Mrs. Davies set away her irons and dropped into the rocker by the window to rest.

"Only one sunbonnet—well, I'm thankful that Collins child's gone in at last," she said. "It was time for her to, and the sooner she gets that sunbonnet of hers hung onto a nail the better! I never want to see it again. I'm going to rip Comfort's up and make dusters; there's a plenty of my purple gingham left to make another one, and Cynthy Collins can't lay her hands on any purple gingham in this town."

Back from the road the other little pink sunbonnet was nodding across a field corner, but Mrs. Davies did not see it. Her

eyes were on the one left behind in the dusty roadway. The "mixing" for the pies had given out, and one little cook had gone to the brook for more.

Suddenly, with a shrill cry, Mrs. Davies darted out of the door and down the path to the gate.

"Comfort! Comfort! Quick, a team's coming—get out of the road! It's coming fa—st! Comfort!"

But the snug little sunbonnet and the mud pies interfered with the transmission of the cry to the child's ears.

"Comfort! dear Comfort, run quick! Mother's coming. O run."

The little head turned, but it was too late.

There was one frightened shriek, and then the horses swept on up the road, and left the crumpled little heap of buff and pink behind among the ruined pies.

Comfort's mother gathered it into her arms with the cry of a wild creature when its young is hurt. She fumbled with the little crushed sunbonnet, and tried to press it away from the quiet little face. Would it never come away?

Somewhere in the distance a clear, high voice was calling, calling her out of heaven. "Mumsie, Mumsie!" It was Comfort's voice.

Then the little strings parted, and she looked down at the wan, still face on her breast. It was not Comfort's face. The woman cried out gladly—she laughed with joy—she wanted to sing.

Only a moment. The little wan face pleaded with her. It was Cynthia's baby—Cynthia's little, sunny Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

"Lord pity Cynthy! Lord pity Cynthy!" Comfort's mother cried out. Poor Cynthy, would it help any that there were Cyrus and all the other children? Would anything help?

Comfort came across the field corner, and trotted, a little frightened, sobbing figure, at her side. They carried little Hop-o'-my-Thumb home to Cynthia.

All day and all night the two mothers watched together, and when, with the first faint flickering of the day, a tiny spark of

hope dawned in their hearts and grew steadily brighter, Comfort's mother lifted little Hop-o'-my-Thumb out of Cynthia's tired arms, and rocked her gently, as she rocked Comfort at bedtime. She crooned to her Comfort's best-loved little lullaby.

"Cynthy, Cynthy, He's good—the Lord's good!" she whispered across the small, rumpled head.

A LOVER WITHOUT ARMS.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

A CAPTAIN went to Gettysburg
And plunged into the fray,
And while he led his brave command
Both arms were shot away.

This captain's name was Peter Field,
And he was tall and stout;
But when he found himself disarmed
His courage "petered out."

Now Peter, at a country fair,
A fair young maid had met;
While in the hospital he sat,
His heart on her was set.

Poor Peter mourned his sorry loss,
Which nothing could replace;
He wanted much a brace of arms,
His maiden to embrace.

While Peter Field was sorely maimed,
And far down in the dumps,
She took occasion to declare
She'd take him with his stumps.

This manly offer made him weep,
He was almost unmanned;
He told her she could have his heart,
But couldn't have his hand.

His hand this maiden could not get,
For he was incomplete;
And so this feat she did perform,
She took his heart and feet.

Some lovers say, "Come to my arms!"
And quick the maiden jumps;
But Peter changed his phrase and said,
"Come, darling, to my stumps!"

Long time did Peter long to wed,
His true and faithful mate;
The lovers felt a weight of woe,
Because compelled to wait.

The captain had no stocks or bonds,
No horses and no lands;
And, without arms, he would not take
A wife upon his hands.

For keeping books he had a taste,
Yet had to shun the pen;
But if a pension could be had,
He would get married then.

The pension came, the wedding, too,
His fortunes to retrieve;
"Please join your hands," the parson said,
But Peter joined his sleeve.

Now Peter's joy is quite complete,
And peaceful is his life;
While marriage was a happy stroke,
He never strikes his wife.

BRIDGE—AND ITS EXPONENT!

FRANCES DE WOLFE FENWICK.

[Comedy Monologue for a Woman.]

[Written expressly for this book.]

YES, bridge is perfectly lovely; there's no use talking about it; there's something about bridge that just gets hold of you; I adore it, I simply adore it! I could play it day and night, I tell you. You see, it is such a deep game; there's nothing light and frivolous about bridge; there is so much science about it—you don't mean to say that it's my turn to make it, do you? Why, of course, so it is! I did deal, didn't I? Queer that I should forget, but you see it is so difficult to remember every little thing; only the other day I said to my husband, "Dick, if you had as much to remember as I have, you would forget things, too, sometimes!" But men are so queer; he did not seem to see it at all. He said—why of course, Mrs. Smith, certainly, I know it's my turn; I was just thinking what I had better make it, that's all. I don't believe in doing things in too great a hurry, especially not a thing like bridge, which really requires deep thinking, though some people seem to think they can just throw down any card on the table and say right away what they make it and—yes, certainly, just in a minute! . . . let me see . . . we had hearts last time, hadn't we? Oh, well, I won't make it hearts, then—just a minute! One—two—three—oh, I wonder! —four—five—partner, I think we'll just try it "no trumps"—not that I have a very good hand, you know, or anything of that sort; but just that I think it would be fun to try—you won't mind losing, will you? I never do! No trumps, then! Now, you're sure you're not going to be cross if we don't win? Because, you know, it depends a lot on dummy—but I think it's such good practice to try "no trumps" occasionally—and, after

all, you know, we're not playing for money or anything of that sort—and we haven't had "no trumps" this afternoon, and I thought it would be so nice for a change and——

Well, now, you might have done worse by me, partner! I really feel quite obliged to you; dummy fits in very nicely with my hand; there was just one suit I was weak in, but I see it's all right—I had all the other suits, so they didn't matter so much, though I'm glad to see—though you mustn't think I had everything in the other suits; I hadn't at all, but—oh, she leads diamonds, does she? Well, I think I can put a stop to that very quickly. You didn't know I had the king, did you, Mrs. Brown, when you led that little diamond so confidingly?

Why, Mrs. Green, you don't mean to say that you've got the ace? Why, what in the world did you lead from, Mrs. Brown? Not that it's my affair at all. I know it's not my affair, but still! I never saw quite such a funny lead as that in all my life! You know, don't you, that one of the rules of bridge is that you must lead from something, and, of course, you are leading from something, I know that, but what in the world is it? It can't be anything but a knave or a ten spot for—how do I know you're not leading from a queen? Oh, well, I know! I can't tell you how I know, but I know——really it seems to me that there is a little too much talking this afternoon, considering that this is a scientific bridge club where——

Ha! here we are. And now you see where the queen was, don't you, Mrs. Green? Oh, when you have played bridge as long as I have and made as deep a study of it, you will know better than to return your partner's lead when you see she hasn't got anything. I gave you quite a broad hint, too, for I never believe in being selfish; I always like to help everybody, whether I happen to be playing with them or against them.

Oh, mercy! how many more of those little diamonds have you, Mrs. Brown? Oh! another one? Oh, partner, this is just dreadful, isn't it? What shall we do? Another one? Oh, it really seems to me that there must be some mistake. I am sure there must be more than thirteen diamonds in this pack.

Why, I'm sure I've counted fifteen at least falling on this table. Suppose we just stop right now and take a fresh deal!

Only thirteen? Well, I really don't know, Mrs. Brown, it seems to me that it is just possible that I can count as well as you, and certainly if I haven't seen fifteen diamonds—well never mind, we won't argue about it! We'll say no more about it. I always think that nothing is in worse taste than an argument over cards! Some people lose their tempers and make unpleasant remarks, but I simply hold my tongue and say nothing—just as you see me doing now. I may have my own thoughts, of course; I don't say that I don't have my own thoughts, but I don't make things unpleasant for everyone else by expressing them; no, I simply keep quiet and put up with things, just as you see me doing now.

Oh, yes, Mrs. Brown! I see your heart on the table; I am not blind, Mrs. Brown, I see a great many things which might surprise you, but without going into that I may assure you that, with regard to that heart I saw it the minute it was played, five minutes ago. Yes, indeed, very little escapes me, I assure you! But, you see, Mrs. Brown, I am not one of these superficial players who throw their cards down on the table without so much as pausing to ask what is trumps. And, by the way, what *is* trumps? No trumps? Oh, what a joke! but the fact is, there has been so much disturbance since this game started, so much talking and unpleasantness, that it is not wonderful if I get a little confused sometimes.

No trumps, is it? And that is your heart? Well, I think we can put a stop to that very quickly; for here comes my little king, and your ace won't take it this time, Mrs. Brown; for here is the ace, you see, in my own hand. Another trick! And here is my little queen. I think she can be counted upon to take a trick, even if we are playing against these clever bridge-players! Sure enough! And now we will just put down a little seven and—what? Have you got the eight, Mrs. Brown? Now, are you sure you didn't revoke? I think I saw that little eight fall on my king, not so very long ago—at least, of course,

it couldn't have been that eight, but—well, let us look at the cards and make sure. I don't think that in a scientific club like this we ought to encourage loose play—oh, no one has revoked? Well, well, it was best to make sure certain. I am sure there is so much talking to-day that I can hardly hear my own voice.

Just one minute, Mrs. Brown, before you take that trick! Do you know that that little eight of yours, not having been played before, is going to make every difference in the game? Now, wouldn't you like to take it back? I really think we'd get about—why, I verily believe we'd get a little slam or something very near it if you did; and it really seems pretty hard just for a little mistake like that, you know. What? You don't want to give it back to us? Well, really, Mrs. Brown, I don't want to seem disagreeable, but I think I shall just have to take that back; for, you see, losing that trick may lose us the game and, after all, I can't help feeling that good nature has its limits.

There, you see, we've made four tricks on that game—isn't that splendid? Did you notice, partner, the way I managed to make their clubs perfectly valueless to them? That is the great secret of playing a no-trump hand; don't let your opponents make anything, if you can help it.

Are you still talking about that poor little eight of hearts, Mrs. Brown? I should think you would have forgotten it by this time. Well, if you really object so much, we won't do it again; only do stop talking about it. I am the most good-natured of women, but, after all, it seems to me that when we meet to play bridge we should play bridge, not talk all the time and make unpleasant remarks about our companions. And, even if we do lose, why make such a fuss about it? I always say that, next to winning gracefully, there is nothing like losing gracefully.

Why, how dare you say so? I never make a fuss about anything! I am the coolest of women! Nothing disturbs me! No, not even being interrupted in the midst of a sentence! This is the climax! I can't stand everything! Now you, Mrs. Brown,

and you, ladies, just you listen to me a minute; I think that I may be allowed to make one remark in the course of the afternoon, and this is the remark: I am a scientific bridge-player! I come here to play bridge. I do not come here to listen to other people talking. Yet, from the time that I first declared no trumps, I have been subjected to a constant storm of rudeness and criticism. I couldn't do the most harmless little thing without raising a commotion. I couldn't take back that poor little seven of hearts without Mrs. Green and Mrs. Brown talking about it. Now, it simply comes to this: Either the ladies of this club—if I may apply that term to them—must stop making themselves unpleasant, or—I leave the club. What? You mean to say that—oh, certainly, with the greatest pleasure in the world! I only joined this club because I was asked, anyway. I never really enjoy playing with women; they persist in interrupting one, and they never want to be taught. In future I shall make it a rule that I play only with gentlemen; and then my game won't be ruined!

It's the most extraordinary thing! I really cannot understand it! I am the only woman I have ever known who could play bridge without chattering and fighting all the time!

LARRY KISSES THE RIGHT WAY.

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

HOW do I know that Larry loves me,
How does he his love betray?
How do I know that Larry loves me?
Larry kisses the right way.

"An' how—an' how does Larry kiss thee—
Kiss by candle-light or day?"
Only this my tongue can tell thee:
Larry kisses the right way.

COME BACK TO ERIN!

VERY REV. CANNON P. A. SHEEHAN.

THE old order changeth! The land of Ireland is passing into Irish hands once more. And the many deserted mansions here and there throughout Ireland, and the many ruined castles, stare from their gaping windows across the sea, and seem to say to the exiled Gaels: Come back! Come back! Back to the land of your fathers! Let us hear once more the sound of the soft Gaelic in our halls, the laughter of your children beneath our roofs, the skirl of the bagpipe and the tinkle of the harp in our courts, the shout of our young men in the meadows by the river, the old heart-breaking songs from the fields, the *seanchus* here where our broken windows stare upon weed-covered lawns. Come back! Come back! The days are dark and short since ye went; there is no sunshine on Ireland and the nights are long and dismal! And there in the moonlit Abbey by the river rest the bones of your kindred! Their unquiet spirits haunt every mansion and cottage, and the wail of their Banshee is over the fields and up along the hills! They shall never rest in peace till your shadows sweep across their tombs and your prayers, like the night winds, stir the ivy on the crumbling walls! Come back! Come back! Come back to Erin!

AN ECONOMICAL MAN.

S. W. Foss.

HE lived on thirteen cents a day—
Ten cents for milk and cracker,
One cent for dissipation gay,
And two cents for tobacco;
And if he wished an extra dish,
He'd take his pole and catch a fish.

And if his stomach raised a war
'Gainst his penurious habit,
He'd go and kill a woodchuck or
Assassinate a rabbit.
And thus he'd live in sweet content
On food that never cost a cent.

And, that he might lay by in bank
The proceeds of his labor,
He'd happen 'round at meals, the crank,
And dine upon his neighbor.
And then he'd eat enough to last
Until another day had passed.

He bought no pantaloons nor vest,
Nor rich, expensive jacket;
He had one suit—his pa's bequest—
He thought would "stand the racket."
He patched it thirty years, 'tis true,
And then declared 'twas good as new.

He owned but one suit to his back,
And minus cuffs and collars,
He died, and left his nephew Jack
Nine hundred thousand dollars!
And Jack he run this fortune through
And only took a year or two.

A SOCIAL PARIAH.

ALEXANDER IRVINE.

IT happened in Connecticut. Jim Farren was six feet two inches tall. He was well built, broad-shouldered, with a fine head and a handsome face. But he was a degenerate. The community said so, and the community knew. Jim got the name of being a desperado, and lived up to his reputation.

"Hey, Jim," said a tough, by the stove in the grocery one morning. "Ah heerd ol' Barnes pay his respec's t' ye th' other day!"

"So? What'd he say?"

"Said ye was a cross between Judas Iscariot an' Jesse James."

"He did, eh? Waal, I'll git square."

A few days later "ol' Barnes" found two of his best cows dead and mutilated in the pasture.

A man who cast some aspersions on Jim's mother had his barns burned to the ground. A man's house was splashed with kerosene and set on fire while the family slept; the church had been broken into and desecrated; whole crops of hay had been wantonly fired.

One winter's morning a farmer made the discovery that six of his fine shoats had been killed and taken away in the night. The blood-stains were easily traced over the snow-covered road to the home of Farren.

This was the last straw. The sheriff was called. He organized a posse of desperate men and dispatched them on a desperate mission. They separated Jim from his arsenal and pounced upon him. He fought like a lion, but was overpowered, heavily chained, and landed in the county jail. A day was set for the trial, and the community breathed easier.

The jury was composed of men who were moved by a common motive, beset by a common fear. The judge was cold, pitiless, scrupulous. The district attorney was one of the best criminal lawyers in the state. The judge assigned several lawyers one after another to defend the accused, and one after another they respectfully declined. Finally came a young man whose declination the bench refused to accept.

On the day of the trial the court-room was crowded. Men described how cattle had been mutilated and farm products stolen. Others told of fires and wanton destruction of property.

"Are you not going to cross-examine these witnesses?" the judge asked the attorney for the defense.

"No, your Honor."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't help the defense."

When the last man had left the witness-box, the district attorney opened the summing up for the state.

"The attorney for the defense will reply?" the judge asked.

"No, your Honor."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't help the defense."

The district attorney arose.

"Your Honor," he said, "it did not surprise me when the attorney for the defense refused to cross-examine witnesses, nor did I expect him to take any part in the summing up. Gentlemen of the jury, there is no defense in this case. Jim Farren has been the scourge of this community for a number of years. Men good and bad have shunned him as they would a leper. So immune has he been hitherto that the telltale blood on the spotless snow never bothered him in the least. Men had feared, dreaded him, and he presumed on their fear and their cowardice. He defies law, virtue, religion, men, angels, and God. You know him, gentlemen, and your minds are made up, your verdict all but rendered."

The judge delivered his charge. It was simple and brief. Evidence had covered all the counts. There was no defense—their duty was plain.

The jury retired and a moment later filed again into court, with a verdict of "Guilty on all the counts."

"Now, your Honor," the district attorney said, "I ask that the accused be given the full penalty of the law. Jim Farren is a menace to this town and to this county. In some parts of the country they would shoot this man like a dog or string him to a lamppost. He is twenty-eight years of age; the maximum penalty of thirty years on the six counts will rid the world of him until he is fifty-eight. It will relieve this community of a pest, a social pariah, a vulgar incendiary, an insensate brute, and a vagabond who is rotten to the very core."

The prosecutor sat down—satisfied. The crowd was weary of waiting.

"Has the defense anything to offer?" asked the judge.

"Before you sentence the prisoner," said the attorney, "I would like to offer a few remarks."

Silence fell on the assembly.

"Jim Farren was born in this town. His father was a drunkard and was killed in a drunken brawl. His mother was a poor creature who died a year after her husband, leaving Jim at the age of nine to push for himself. Jim was the last of his name in these parts, and the poor make no friends.

"When the landlord took possession of the shack, Jim went out and began the battle of life, as a little wild animal. When hungry he ate garbage—how many of you men and women in this court-room remember the urchin who years ago lingered like a hungry wolf around your back door picking up scraps?

"If he craved for anything else there was but one way to get it—steal it. In the winter he crept into your haylofts or stables and partook of the shelter of your cows, your horses, your swine. In the springtime he went to the woods, and as he had wintered with domestic animals, now he summered in the freedom of the forest. And when you good people, sauntering for pleasure through the woods, came upon little heaps of dead ashes, you never suspected that it was the track of an Anglo-Saxon child thrown violently into conflict with the raw, crude forces of nature.

"He returned one day—still a child, but ludicrously arrayed in a man's coat. He came sauntering innocently down past the village stores, and the boys of his age laughed and trod on the tail of the garment he had found in the fields. He became self-conscious, ground his little teeth in rage, and swore to some day avenge the wrong.

"Before he was nineteen he did so. The youth of this town knew the toughness of his arms—the power and speed of his body.

"Do we gather figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns? Your

Honor, in twenty-eight years the prisoner never had the touch of a kindly hand nor the sound of a tender word from a human soul; but in manhood, as in childhood, whoever was able kicked him, and his experience, among men and women looking at him in this court-room, led him to believe in but one law. It was the law he saw in the wild—it was the law of the survival of the fittest.

"I do not accuse these people of crime, but Jim Farren is what this community made him by neglect. I said a moment ago that not a single soul had done him a kindness. I will modify that: there was one. He was a man who smiled occasionally at the wastrel. He put his hand sometimes on his unkempt head and even lent him small sums of money—fifty cents was the largest sum.

"He paid back the loans, but how could a man of the type described by the district attorney pay back a smile, or a kind word? Jim Farren paid back the smile. A week ago a plot was hatched in the jail over there, by four of the most desperate men ever corralled by process of law. Between these men and the wide-open country and liberty was one man, a keeper. Jim Farren was selected to strike the blow that meant liberty to four men and death to one. A day and an hour was set.

"Your Honor, when that day dawned the keeper was at home sick and the man who came through the cells was the sheriff himself.

" 'Never mind,' they said; 'what does it matter whether it's one man or another? Strike the blow!' But it did matter to Jim Farren, for the sheriff was the man who had smiled at him when a boy, said a kind word to him in youth, and encouraged him—just a little—when a man.

" 'If you don't strike the blow we'll do it and kill you for your cowardice,' they said. Jim Farren turned around and answered, 'All right. You'll kill the sheriff over my dead body,' and the prisoner at the bar put his life in the scales for the only human being that ever fanned that spark in him that we call soul, and he fought three desperadoes, and he won!

"Mr. Sheriff," said the lawyer, "will you kindly stand up? Have I related the facts?"

"You have, sir. Farren saved my life at the risk of his own."

"That is all, your Honor."

When the judge spoke there was something new in his voice.

"Farren," he said, "you have been found guilty of burglary on six counts. But owing to—on account of certain facts hitherto overlooked, I suspend your sentence. The court is adjourned."

THE KINDERGARTEN TOT.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

I'S only just a little tot,
  An' all the sense I has I got
At kindergarten with a lot
  O' little tads like me.
The teacher stands us in a row
An' makes our arms go to an' fro—
That's how the cale'thenics go—
  With "one, an' two, an' three!"

She sings us such a funny tune,
About the bugs that come in June;
An' tells us all about the moon;
  An' what we'd do without it;
Just how the moon can shine so bright;
Is cheaper than electric light;
An' keeps on workin' every night
  An' makes no fuss about it.

She says the world is big an' round;
An' some is water, some is ground;
An' some has never yet been found
  Except by polar bears!
One half the world's a hemisphere
An' t'other half is—well—Oh, dear!
Guess I forgot it comin' here;
  But, then, nobody cares.

The world is made o' colored maps,
Just so's to puzzle little chaps;
But down inside it's full o' scraps
  An' fires they tell about!
I heard the teacher once confess:—
The world is full o' wickedness!
An' that's what makes earthquakes, I guess:
  The badness comin' out.

The world turns round most every day!
Guess that is why the hens don't lay
Their eggs at night for fear 'at they
  Would all fall out the nest;
'Cause then the world is upside down,
An' we'd have nothin' in the town
But grocer's eggs, and their renown
  Is bad enough at best.

One day a handsome man came in,
Who wasn't either kith or kin;
For teacher blushed down to her chin
  When he sat down beside 'er;
His uniform was brownish stuff;
Had leggins an' a yellow cuff;
She couldn't look at him enough;
  An' called him her "Rough Rider."

She bade us all go out an' play;
But I stayed in an' heard her say:—
"They didn't shoot your arms away
When you were in the South!"
He whispered in the teacher's ear
The longest while an' then, for fear
Her telephone was out o' gear,
He whispered in her mouth!

He put his arms, I must confess,
Around her shoulders, more or less;
They call it "Shoulder Arms," I guess,
When they have got a gun.
Of course, she took it very cool;
For teachers always, in the school,
Keep harpin' on the Golden Rule;
To do as you'd be done.

He saved the country in the strife;
An' once again he'd risk his life,
By takin' to himself a wife
An' save the pretty creature.
It seemed to me so very plain—
In spite of fever an' the rain—
That while "Rememberin' the Maine"
He'd not forgot the teacher.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

FRANK L. STANTON.

SWEETHEART, 'twas but a while ago, it scarce seems yesterday,
Though now my locks are white as snow, and all your curls are gray,
When, walking in the twilight haze, ere stars had smiled above,
I whispered soft: "I love you," and you kissed me for that love.

The first kiss, dear, and then your hand—your little hand so sweet,
And whiter than the white, white sand that twinkled 'neath your feet—
Laid tenderly within my own. Have queens such lovely hands?
No wonder that the whippoorwills made sweet the autumn lands.

It seemed to me that my poor heart would beat to death and break,
While all the world, sweetheart, sweetheart, seemed singing for your sake;
And every rose that barred the way in glad and dying grace
Forgot its faded summer day and, leaning, kissed your face.

I envied all the roses then, and all the rosy ways
That blossomed for your sake are still my life's bright yesterdays;
But, thinking of that first sweet kiss, and that first clasp of hands,
Life's whippoorwills sing sweeter now through all the winter lands.

THAT JERSEY COW.

WE stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day;
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood—
I see her standing peacefully now;
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

CUPID AND A CADILLAC.

ANNA FRANCES COOTE.

[Comedy Monologue for a Woman.]

[Written expressly for this book.]

CHARACTERS:

DOROTHY HOPE, society girl, speaker, present.

MR. JOHN BENEDICT and school-children, supposed to be present.

COSTUME: Neat walking costume.

SCENE: Country school-house; teacher's desk, covered with books, pencils, etc.; blackboard and chairs.

[*Enter* DOROTHY *trying to look dignified.*]

Oh, what a queer, poky little place this is! And to think of me, Dorothy Hope, a schoolma'am! Isn't it too funny for words? [*Removes hat and gloves.*] How Gwen and Alice would stare. And John—but I mustn't think of him. Why, that's what I'm here for—to forget that there ever was such a person as Mr. John Benedict!

I suppose I ought to have glasses to make me look dignified. Never mind! I'll manage somehow. I must get to work. [*Arranges articles on desk.*] My! what a lot of pencils! And all the points off! I'll sharpen them now and have everything all ready when the "cherubs" come in. There's nothing like being systematic! I always knew I'd make a good school-teacher, if I only had a chance to try. [*Sharpens pencil. Has hard work.*] My! but this knife is as dull as an old hoe!

I wonder what they thought at the hotel, Thursday night, when they found I had gone! How lucky that I happened to think of the Prices and their dear old farm-house. And I was only there three days when I had this position thrown into my face, so to speak. Wasn't it kind of that ugly Miss White to get sick and go home? Now, I expect I can teach here all year if I want to,

and then I'll like it so well that I'll keep right on—and be an old maid [*dolefully*] and wear glasses and last year's hats [*excitedly*], and John can marry that dreadful Perkins girl he thinks so much of and I don't care a bit and—Oh! Oh! there I've done it! I knew I would! I've cut my finger off; I never could sharpen pencils anyway! John has always done it for me! Oh, I forgot! [*Angry. Throws knife out of window at right.*] There, John Benedict, stay there till you're sent for! [*Sobs. Head on desk.*] To think of that Perkins thing going out every day in John's Cadillac—in *my* Cadillac! I hope her wig will blow off some day when they are going like the—er—fast. And those two little mouse-colored curls she pins in her hat! I wonder if John really thinks they're hers! Oh, I can't stand it! I can't stand it! [*Sobs.*]

[*Knock on door at left.*] What's that? A knock at the door! [*Dries eyes hastily.*] Come in! Oh! A letter for Miss Hope! From John! No, it isn't his writing. [*Opens letter and reads aloud.*]

"NORTH RIVERDALE, Sept. 20, 19—.

"*Dear Madam:* The school committee will visit you this afternoon, to judge whether or not you are a suitable substitute for Miss White. I took it upon myself to inform you of this visit, as I knew of your inexperience and thought you might feel nervous. Yours very truly,

"OBADIAH STANFORTH, *Chairman.*"

[*Throws letter into waste-basket.*] Thank you very much Mr. Obadiah Stanforth, but you've mistaken your man! I nervous? [*Excitedly.*] Why, I never felt less nervous in my life! I'm as cool as a cucumber! I wonder how many of them there are! Grizzly old hayseeds, I suppose! Well, I'll show them.

Oh, here come the children! [*Children enter at left.*] What little dears! Oh, what a great big fellow! Why, he's ten feet taller than I am! [*Pause.*] Still they come! I never supposed there were so many! [*To class.*] Good-morning, children. [*Dead silence.*] You must say, "Good-morning, Miss Hope." [*Children repeat.*] That's right. Now sit up straight and fold your hands, and when I say your name, you must say, "Present." [*Opens*

book on desk.] What! We must sing first? [*Aside: Oh! Suffering Moses! I can't sing a note.*] Well, all right, we'll sing. America? Very well. Now—sing! [*Children sing very discordantly.*] Oh, children, stop! Stop at once! That's dreadful! [*Aside: Sounds like a Coney Island mardi gras!*] Children, we won't sing to-day.

Now, we'll call the roll. "John Frientagen," "Henry Gonorowskovitch," "Maurice Chizzelheimer"— What is it, John? No, you can't get a drink! Stop throwing spitballs at the clock! "Fritz Higginbottom"— "Speak louder, please! [*Fritz shouts.*] Well, I didn't say shout! "Marguerite O'Shaunnessy." [*No answer.*] "Marguerite O'Shaunnessy!" What? She's deaf and dumb? [*Aside: Should think she would be with that name!*] "Nicholino Gasolineo!" [*Aside: Reminds me of John's auto.*] Fritz! Fritz! Sit down! You mustn't walk on the desks! Henry! Stop laughing! Where was I? "Ferdinand Bickelhauser!" Maurice, stand in the corner! We won't call the rest of the roll—until later.

Now I am going to give you some examples in arithmetic, and I hope you will all be very quick and smart with your answers. Henry, suppose your father gave you fifty cents and told you to give half to your brother, how much would you have for yourself? Fifty cents? Explain! Because you haven't got any brother? Well, can't you make believe you have a brother? What, you don't want to? You've got enough poor relations now? [*Aside: Oh, dear, isn't he dreadful?*]

Class! Listen! If a man started out in a 30-horsepower Cadillac to go from Brampshire to North Riverdale and back again, and he traveled at the rate of forty miles an hour the first hour, and fifty miles an hour the next two hours, and sixty miles an hour the rest of the way, and it is one hundred and twenty-four miles from Brampshire to North Riverdale, and he started from Brampshire—well, very early in the morning, right after breakfast, and didn't stop for anything, not even for a dog or a drink, what time would he get to North Riverdale? [*Long pause.*] What! you don't know? How stupid! Do I know? [*Dorothy*

tries to figure mentally. Becomes confused.] Why, yes, of course, I know; but I won't tell you! I would rather have you work it out for yourselves. [*Aside*: *I never could do arithmetic.*] Figure it out to-night and tell me the answer when you come to-morrow.

We'll have a writing lesson now. I'll write a sentence on the board and you may all copy it. [*Writes.*] "John loves me." [*Embarrassed.*] No! he doesn't. That won't do. [*Erases.*] There, that's better: "James loves his dog." Now, you may all copy it. What? You haven't any pencils! Oh, and I cut my finger and threw it out the window—the knife, I mean. There it is. Get it for me, Maurice, please! [*Looks down the road.*] Why, that looks like John's Cadillac coming up the road! It is! And John driving it! I wonder who the man in the tonneau is! He's going by! [*Calls*:] John! John! Oh, what shall I say to him! Sit down, children, and keep still! No, it isn't a circus-parade! Oh, if he'll only take me away from here, I'll forgive him everything.

[*Enter John at left.*] Yes, I'm here! Teaching school. Why, yes, of course, I like it. I'm going to do it always. Marguerite O'Shaunnessy! Sit down! Sit down, I say! Oh, she can't hear me! [*To John haughtily.*] Explain my conduct? John Benedict, I don't think it's necessary to explain anything to a man who spends all his time with a yellow-haired frump like that Miss Perkins! [*Pause.*] Your note? No, I didn't get any note! She's engaged to a chum of yours and you promised him to give her a good time! Oh, John, forgive—Maurice Chizzelheimer! Stop standing on your head! Oh, John, I'd rather die than teach school! Ferdinand! Sit down! [*To John*:] But who is the man in the auto? A minister? To marry us! Here! Now! You thought it would save time to bring him with you? Well, of all cast-iron nerve! Why—yes—John, I suppose I will—but it's just to make Alice and Gwen envious. They do so love a romance. But I must get rid of these children first.

[*To class*:] Children, you may all go home now. No, I know it isn't time, but I'm going to give you a half-holiday to-day, because—because—well, because you've been so good! Good-bye!

Good-bye! [*Exit children.*] Now, John, I'm ready. Get him. [*Exit John.*] Oh, John! Come back! I can't marry you. The committee! They're coming this afternoon! What shall I do? [*Suddenly.*] Here, I'll fix them. [*Writes on blackboard across front of room and reads:*]

"*Dear Committee:* Can't accept the position, as I have engaged to teach a class of one—for life. DOROTHY HOPE—LESS."

Now, John, bring in the parson!

[CURTAIN.]

MY TRIP TO THE MOON.

F. IRENE BOISE.

[Composed when eight years old.]

I WENT one night on a trip to the moon;
I went all the way in a little spoon.
I suppose it must have been a dream;
But, then, it was a nice little scene.

I gazed on the stars, I went to the moon,
A-rocking away in my nice little spoon.
The wind was blowing and roaring about;
But, then, it was a nice little route.

But, oh! I will tell you: it was getting light,
And I had to bid the moon good-night;
And so I said, "Good-night, Mrs. Moon,"
And hurried away in my nice little spoon.

And when Mrs. Moon said good-night to me,
My little heart was full of glee;
And I heard a smack—do you think 'twas amiss?—
For the man of the moon had thrown me a kiss.

INMATE OF THE DUNGEON.

W. C. Morrow.

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[The inmate of the dungeon is a State's Prison convict who, upon the eve of his release after ten years of exemplary behavior in prison under a warden who understood him, was accused of theft by the new warden; and upon refusing to admit having done that of which he was innocent, was stripped, whipped until he fainted, then thrown into an unlighted dungeon, where he has been kept for twenty-three months upon bread and water. He has sworn to kill the warden at the earliest opportunity. Three weeks before the part of the story which I am about to relate, the Board of State's Prison Directors investigated his case, and sent him to the hospital, where he has been in bed in the sunshine and treated with the greatest care. From there the warden called him to the office.]

THE warden sat alone in the prison office with No. 14208. That he should at last have been brought face to face with the man whom he had determined to kill, perplexed the convict. He was not manacled; the door was locked, and the key lay on the table between the two men. Three weeks in the hospital had proved beneficial, but a deathly pallor was still in his face.

"The action of the directors three weeks ago," said the warden, "made my resignation necessary. I have awaited the appointment of my successor, who is now in charge. I leave the prison to-day. In the meantime, I have something to tell you that will interest you. A few days ago a man who was discharged from the prison last year read what the papers have published recently about your case, and he has written to me confessing that it was he who got your tobacco from the captain of the guard. His name is Salter, and he looks very much like you. He had got his own extra, and when he came up again and called for yours the captain, thinking it was you, gave it to him. There was no intention on the captain's part to rob you."

The convict gasped and leaned forward eagerly.

"Until the receipt of this letter, I had opposed the movement which had been started for your pardon; but when this letter

came I recommended your pardon, and it has been granted. Besides you have a serious heart trouble. So you are now discharged from the prison."

The convict stared and leaned back speechless.

"The stage will leave for the station in four hours. You have made certain threats against my life. I have treated you with cruelty, the enormity of which I now comprehend. I thought I was right. My fatal mistake was in not understanding your nature. I misconstrued your conduct from the beginning, and in doing so I have laid upon my conscience a burden which will embitter the remaining years of my life. I would do anything in my power, if it were not too late, to atone for the wrong I have done you. If, before I sent you to the dungeon, I could have understood the wrong and foreseen its consequences, I would cheerfully have taken my own life rather than raise a hand against you. The lives of us both have been wrecked; but your suffering is in the past—mine is present, and will cease only with my life. For my life is a curse, and I prefer not to keep it."

With that he took a loaded revolver from a drawer and laid it before the convict.

"Now is your chance," he said quietly: "no one can hinder you."

The convict shrank away from the weapon as from a viper.

"Not yet—not yet," he whispered, in agony.

The two men sat and regarded each other without the movement of a muscle.

"Are you afraid to do it?" asked the warden.

"No! you know I am not. But I can't—not yet—not yet."

The convict staggered to his feet.

"You have done it at last! You have broken my spirit. A human word has done what the dungeon and the whip could not do.....It twists inside of me now....."I could be your slave for that human word." Tears streamed from his eyes. "I can't

help crying. I'm only a baby, after all—and I thought I was a man."

He reeled, and the warden caught him and seated him in a chair. He took the convict's hand in his and felt a firm, true pressure there. The convict's eyes rolled vacantly. A spasm of pain caused him to raise his free hand to his chest; his thin gnarled fingers clutched automatically at his shirt. A faint, hard smile wrinkled his wan face.

"That human word," he whispered—"if you had spoken it long ago, if—but it's all—it's all right—now. I'll go—I'll go to work—to-morrow."

There was a slightly firmer pressure of the hand that held the warden's; then it relaxed. The fingers which clutched the shirt slipped away, and the hand dropped to his side. The weary head sank back and rested on the chair; the strange, hard smile still sat upon the marble face, and a dead man's glassy eyes were upturned toward the ceiling.

MISSING BOBBY SHAFTOE.

JACK BENNETT.

"BOBBY Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back some day to me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!"
Singing softly o'er and o'er
Echoes from the bedroom door,
Sing it as I sing no more,
Sing to Bobby Shaftoe.

In the yard the half-grown hound
Beats his tail along the ground,
Missing the accustomed sound
Of his master calling,
For a frolic in the hall
With the skipping-rope and ball;
But a silence over all
Seems a shadow falling.

Lonesomely the little chair
Lingers in the corner there,
With a half expectant air,
Waiting for his coming;
And the red tin-horn lies dumb
On the shelf beside the drum,
Waiting till the drummer come,
With his sturdy drumming.

On the yellow picture book,
Bopeep, with her shepherd crook,
Seems to stand and wait and look
Off the gaudy cover,
Wondering by what mishap
She is not upon the lap
Of a chubby little chap,
Pondering above her.

In the closet lie his shoes,
Worn to rusty, dusty hues
Tramping in the dust and dews
Down along the river,
Where he used to sit and dream
In the sunshine by the stream,
Till some frightened heron's scream
Made him jump and shiver.

Here's the picture that he drew,
Red and yellow, green and blue,
Left before it was half through,
Babyland's endeavor.
Here's the cap he used to wear
Tilted on his curly hair:
Bobby's things are everywhere,
Bobby's gone forever.

"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea;
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back some day to me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!"
Baby mine, where'er ye be,
Mother's prayers follow thee.
Oh, come back, my boy, to me,
Come back, Bobby Shaftoe!

HER "NO."

NO, Impudence! you shan't have one!
How many times must I refuse?
Away,
I say!
Or else you'll sure my friendship lose.
I cannot bear such forward fun!
So, quick, begone! If not, I'll run.

Why, now I'll have to be severe.
No, not a kiss to you I'll give.
Take care!
Take care!
I'll tell papa, as sure's I live.
I never saw a man so queer!
But—are you sure there's no one near?

THE QUAKER.

STEPHEN ADAMS.

A QUAKER he sat in his chamber dim,
Looking as glum as glum might be,
When the sound of music stole up to him,
"Oh! 'tis a sin and a snare," quoth he.
But louder and sweeter it rose than before,
He pressed his book to his knee.
Then he heaved a deep sigh, and he opened the door:
"Verily yea! I must go and see!"
So he stole down the stairs with a smile in his eye—
For a Quaker can smile, when there's nobody by!

There was his sweet little cousin alone,
Dancing as gay as gay might be,
"O fie, Cousin, fie!" said he, with a sigh,
"Dancing is terribly wrong!" quoth he.
"But how dost thou know?" she said with a smile.
"I never have tried," quoth he.
"But I think that I could, and I'm sure that I *would!*"
"Verily yea! then I would," said she.
So he took her sweet hand, and he said, "Let us try"—
For a Quaker can dance, when there's nobody by!

So they danced and danced in the twilight dim,
Happy and gay as well might be,
"Thou must hold me much closer," she whispered to him,
"Verily yea! then I will," quoth he.
And he felt her heart beating so close to his own,
As they danced till the daylight fled,
"O coz, prithee say, dost thou think we may yea?"
"Verily, verily yea!" she said,
So he yeaed and she yeaed as their lips were so nigh;
For a Quaker can kiss, when there's nobody by!

WHEN ANGELINE A-SHOPPING GOES.

HAROLD SUSSMAN.

WHEN Angeline a-shopping goes,
She walks from store to store;
She looks at this, she looks at that,
She looks at things galore.

She looks at satins, ribbon, lace,
She looks at chiffons, too,
She looks at dress goods colored red,
And green, and brown, and blue.

She tries on gloves, she tries on hats,
She tries on veils and shoes;
She tries on wraps, she tries on cloaks,—
She knows not what to choose.

She prices belts, and rings, and pins,
And earrings, bracelets, chains;
"I cannot quite make up my mind,"
Fair Angeline explains.

She looks at furniture and toys,
At groceries she looks,
She looks at carpets, clocks, and lamps,
And then she looks at books.

She wanders round for three good hours,
Until she's nearly dead;
Then Angeline a purchase makes,—
She buys a spool of thread.

LEST WE FORGET!

("The Recessional.")

RUDYARD KIPLING.

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all the pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.
Amen.

ORGAN-BOY TO THE CHOIR-GIRL.

AS I pump upon the mighty organ,
My eyes are fixed on thee,
And yet I know thy glorious orbs
Care not to dwell on me.

I listen to thy angel voice,
And dream it's from above;
It fills my soul with rapture deep,
And feeds the flame of love.

I sit here pumping, pumping;
Yet, clear above the throng,
In spite of pedals thumping,
I hear thy angel song.

Now sweeter still and higher
The dainty bird-notes ring,
Oh! would that I were nigher,
Thou winsome little thing!

Through life I could adore her,
My heart is lost in doubt,
I must confess I love—whir-r-r—
Oh, there! the wind's run out.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

T. A. DALY.

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W'EN gran'pa takes me on his knee
I'm jist as glad as I kin be;
'Cause he's the bestest friend I got,
An' in his pockets they's a lot
Of candies, sugar-cakes an' things
Like dear ole gran'pa always brings.
An' he'll say: "Now, my little dear,
Let's see w'at's in this pocket here;"
And I put in my hand and take
Some candy out or else some cake.
'Nen gran'pa laughs, an' so do I;
He'll play he's s'prised an' say: "O! My!
I wonder how that got in there;
Now, w'at do I git fur my share?"
I laugh, an' climb right up an' kiss
Him where his tickly whiskers is.
He hugs me tight, an' sez: "Oho!
Here's jist the goodest boy I know."
An' I am good as I kin be
W'en gran'pa takes me on his knee.

When papa takes me on his knee
I ain't so glad as I might be.
He ain't as nice as gran'pa wuz,
For he don't do like gran'pa does.
He on'y does it w'en he's mad,
An' w'en he sez I'm awful bad.
He don't like gran'pa's "carryin's-on,"
Fur onct w'en gran'pa'd been an' gone

He told ma: "Say, it drives me wild
The way your pa jist sp'iles that child,"
An' 'nen he maked a grab fur me
An' upside-downed me on his knee,
An' says: "Now if it's in the wood
I'll see if I can't make you good."
An' w'en pa let me off his knee
I promised him how good I'd be.

GOOD-BYE, LITTLE BOY.

ISABEL RICHEY.

GOOD-BYE, little boy, good-bye!
I never had thought of this,
That some day I'd vainly sigh
For the baby I used to kiss.
That into his corner a man would grow,
And I should not miss him nor see him go
Till all of a sudden the scales would fall,
And one be revealed to me straight and tall.
Then I should be startled and sadly cry:
"Good-bye, little boy, good-bye!"

Good-bye, little boy, good-bye!
You are going despite my tears.
You can not, and neither can I,
Successfully cope with the years.
They fit for the burden that all must bear,
And then, at their pleasure, they place it there.
I love you, too, but my heart is sore
For the child who has gone to return no more,
And deep in my bosom I sadly cry:
"Good-bye, little boy, good-bye!"

WHAT THE WIND SAYS.

ZITELLA COCKE.

WHEN Willie goes upstairs to sleep,
A wakeful ear he's sure to keep
Upon the Wind, who always knows
What Willie does, and where he goes;
If he's been good the whole day long,
The Wind sings ever the same song,
In sweetest, softest lullabies,
As Willie gently shuts his eyes:
"Good and true! Good and true!
Willie, you—Willie, y-o-u!"

But sometimes—ah, the truth is sad—
Poor Willie's wilful, cross, and bad;
He breaks his mother's strictest rule,
And even slips away from school.
Then when he creeps into his bed,
And pulls the pillow o'er his head,
And listens—hark! the mad Wind knows,
Hear how it whistles, storms and blows:
"So untrue! So untrue!
Willie, you—I mean y-o-u!"

Oh, then his heart begins to quake,
And one long hour he lies awake,
And wonders how the wise Wind knew—
The wisest wind that ever blew—
Till something inside speaks out bold:
"I am the monitor who told!
Oh, yes, 'twas I who told the Wind,
And both of us know you have sinned.
Willie, you—Willie, y-o-u!"
Wind and Conscience both say, "Y-o-u!"

APRIL TO MARCH.

MILDRED I. MCNEAL.

I WAS fond of her in April,
As she wore her Easter gown,
A dream of palest April tints,—
The daintiest in the town.
Where violets bloomed below her eyes
And matched their merry hue
With two as blue and shy as they,
The solemn service through.

I was fond of her in April,
I was fond of her in June,
In ruffled lawn and garden hat
With roses overstrewn,
And sister roses—harbingers
Of happier Junes to be—
In hiding near her dimpled cheeks,
But deepening not for me.

In bright October still was she
The fairest of them all,
Gowned all in misty purple,
The queen flower of the fall;
And was I fond of her, you ask?
Aye, marry, that was I;
But many a heart hath lost its health
When love came passing by.

I loved her in December,
From the merry moving foot
To the shining, saucy crown of her,
Yet kept my loving mute;

As who would not when her bright face
From out its frame of furs
Smiled quite impartial welcomings
On twenty worshippers.

And now she sits, with rose in hair,
A blushing rose—perchance
To share the blushes in her face,
Redeem her veiléd glance,—
And I am fond—more fond of her
Than you could guess—for she
Sits just across our tiny board
And pours out evening tea.

"SAVE ONE FOR ME."

THE Reverend Doctor Mildmay,
On saving souls intent,
To every saintly gathering
His portly presence lent;
His mild, benignant eyes beamed out
Behind their silver specs,
And his unction and his fervor
Were a power in saving wrecks.

The doctor had a daughter,
Madge—captivating girl,
Conventional—eyes luminous brown
And every tooth a pearl;
A lissome form, a plump white hand,
Round cheeks, a healthy glow,
And every charm the poet sings
Or raves of—well, you know.

One day as he was going out
She met him at the door.
Says she, "Oh, darling papa, dear,
What are you going for ?"
"I'm off to a temperance meeting
To save young men, *chérie.*
She crept to him demurely:
"Save a nice young one for me."

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

His Life.

HE lived the meanest kind of life:
He scrimped his children, starved his wife,
And by all kinds of legal guile
Together scraped a mighty pile.

His Will.

He died. His will endowed a church
And left no charity in the lurch;
Forgotten were his sinful ways,
And all men straightway sang his praise.

His Obituary.

And all the papers straightway said:
"That great philanthropist is dead,
That noble, honest, pious man;
Replace him now no other can."

His Epitaph.

They o'er him wrote an epitaph,
That must have made old Satan laugh:
"Rest, servant, thy good work is done,
Thy great reward is now begun."

BACHELOR AND BABY.

MARGARET CAMERON.

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FRANKLIN KEENE lived in San Francisco, and had intended to spend Christmas there, but business detained him in New York. His friend, Dr. James Burleigh, the noted specialist for mental disorders, vainly urged him to make his presence known in the city; but Keene maintained that he would be much more comfortable with a book and an easy chair at the club, and prepared to spend a solitary Christmas. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, however, he was called to the telephone to assure the possessor of a feminine voice that he really was Franklin Keene—*the* Franklin Keene, "from the beloved West." Knowing of the clannishness of Californians in the East, and never having heard of B. Franklin Keene, of Chicago—he admitted his identity, and was warmly urged to dine on the following day with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Logan, in Macalac, a small New Jersey suburb.

When he seemed a little puzzled, she said: "Oh, perhaps you don't remember me as Mrs. Logan? Before my marriage I was Grace Bennett. To be sure, we have never actually *met,* but my friends have told me so much about you, that my husband and myself are *eager* to meet you."

(Keene had friends in San Francisco who spoke often of a Miss Bennett.) She rapidly explained that neither she nor Mr. Logan had any relatives in the East; they had asked two or three equally detached people to spend Christmas with them, and gave him directions concerning the train he was to take, and said that her husband would meet him at their station.

Keene set off for the suburbs, at midday on Christmas, with a sense of amused anticipation.

As the train started after one of its many stops, he heard, "Oh! this is my station!" and turned to see a pretty, well-

dressed young woman, a baby in her arms, wrenching open the door of the last coach. He sprang after her, crying:

"You can't do it!"

"I tell you I must!"

"Then give me the baby!"

He seized the child and swung himself from the now rapidly moving train. Once sure of his footing, he looked about for the young woman, to discover her standing on the back platform beating the hand-rail and stretching out her arms to the baby as the train passed out of sight.

"Well, I'll—be—hanged!" gasped Keene.

"Yaa-a-a-a-a-ah!" responded the baby.

"Here! Hi! Suffering cats! what's the matter with you!"

Fearfully clutching the long draperies where they seemed most solid, he eventually succeeded in bringing the struggling infant to an upright position, only to be terrified by the increasing violence of its contortions. He was a bachelor of thirty-eight and it seemed to him that no human mechanism could long withstand such strain as that baby now proceeded to put upon itself.

In vain he jiggled it, saying, "There, there! Quit that! 'Sh-sh—'sh! Confound that woman! Why didn't she jump?"

Placing his hands firmly about the child's body, he lifted it high above his head, rolling it slightly to and fro. At the same time he gurgled: "Googly—googly—googly—goo! Keechery—keechery—tschk! Tschk! Whee—ketchum!" but the baby's vehemence in no wise abated.

"Here! Don't go on like that!" he begged. "Good Lord! Are you going to have spasms? What shall I do?"

Not since a Thanksgiving day, years before, when he had realized that nothing but his kicking could save his beloved 'varsity team from ignominious defeat on the gridiron, had he known anything so nearly resembling terror.

"Yah! Yi! Yah!" spluttered his charge. "Yaa-a-a-a-aie!"

He caught sight of a man leaving the station. "Hey, there! are you the station agent?"

"Um-h'm!"

"Have you any idea whose baby this is?"

"No" (suspiciously). "Ain't it yours?"

"It is not!"

"How'd you come by it, then?"

"A young woman was going to jump off that train with it. To save her a fall I took the child and swung off, and—she didn't. She was carried on."

The man grinned. "Done you to a turn, didn't she? Christmas, too!"

"Not at all!" protested Keene. "She was not at all that sort of person. Here, you're married, ain't you?"

"Um-h'm."

"Don't you want to take this poor little beggar home, and——"

"You bet I don't."

"Listen! I'll pay you well, and the mother——"

"Not much you don't! That's your game, is it? Well, I'm on to you all right! And see here," he added threateningly, "don't you go leaving that kid in the station and skipping out. This here depot ain't no foundling asylum!"

"I certainly shouldn't desert the child," said Keene with dignity.

"No?" the man leered unpleasantly. "Well, anyhow, you won't do it here, see?"

He turned to the door of the little station and locked it.

"What are you doing? Open that door! I'm going to wait for——"

"Oh, no, you ain't! You're going to hit the pike."

"But I tell you that woman will be back on the next train, and she'll——"

"Oh, sure!" (sardonically). "But there ain't going to be any more trains till night."

"What?"

"Nope. First north-bound train from this station, five-twenty-three. First south-bound train, six-twelve."

"But I'm due now in Macalac—how far is that?"

"Next station. Five miles by the road, three by the track."

"I'm expected there to dine."

"Oh, sure! Say, you're the real thing, ain't you? Well, it's the pike for yours. Now skip!"

Indignation, appeal, bribery, and threats proved alike unavailing. Keene learned that the only telegraph-office in the village was in the station, and that the operator had gone to Newark for the afternoon. The station-telephone was out of order and the "store" was closed. There was no livery stable.

He resolved to appeal to some kind-hearted woman in the neighborhood, and took himself to a near-by cottage.

The door was opened by a gaunt, middle-aged woman.

"Madam, this child's mother has been accidentally carried on to the next station. She will return as soon as possible. Would you be willing to care for the child until she comes back?"

"Whose baby is it?"

"I—I don't know." The woman partially closed the door. "I saw this lady about to get off a moving train. To save her from a fall I took the child and jumped, and I have an engagement in Macalac—and it may be an hour or more before the mother can get back."

"Yes, I guess it'll be all that."

"But, madam! it's very cold—and the child is crying."

"I ain't deef."

"Won't you at least let me have a glass of milk for it? I'll pay——"

"A glass o' milk! Land o' love! You don't think a young one o' that age *drinks* milk, do you? My advice to you, young man, is to take that poor, sufferin' child back to wherever you got it from, just as soon as the Lord'll let you. You've got enough to answer for now, 'thout addin' murder." With that she closed the door.

The station agent, leaning on the fence, clenched an ugly fist. "You're mighty slick, comin' into a quiet country village with your high hat and your paytent-leathers, and your story about a distracted mother. Christmas, too! But we ain't such hayseeds as we mebbe look, and your story ain't good enough. You might find some soft-hearted woman to believe it, and you ain't goin' to get the chance to fool her. You're goin' to hike—right now!"

"All right," said Keere, "I'm going up the track. If the mother comes back by the road, you tell her that I've taken the child to Mrs. Edward Logan's, of Macalac. Will you remember that?"

"I'll remember that fast enough when—she comes."

So Keene turned his face to the sharp north wind and set off on his three-mile tramp up the track.

The station agent went to a neighbor's telephone and held a short conversation with Mrs. Logan, of Macalac.

On the road Keene saw sundry vehicles, but from none of them came the eager signal for which he hopefully watched. On the tracks nothing passed except an express-train, hurling itself southward, and he could not know it had been flagged at Macalac, and was preparing to stop at the station he had just left.

Once he paused to fumble for the little hands under the white cloak, and finding them cold, he stripped off his heavy overcoat, wrapped it around the child, and strode on into the teeth of the bitter wind. Soothed by the warmth and lulled by the swing of his quick gait, the baby finally slept. The wind grew colder and Keene ravenously hungry; and so, at last, they came to Macalac station, to find it entirely deserted. Then for the first time Keene shared momentarily the suspicions of the station agent.

He saw a phaeton coming down one of the roads, and walked toward it.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but can you direct me to the house of Mr. Edward Logan?" The baby whimpered

slightly, and the young woman in the phaeton turned startled eyes toward the muffled figure in Keene's arms.

"Logan?" said the young fellow driving. "It's the new house—the first to the left after you turn the curve yonder."

"Thank you," said Keene.

"Yaa-a-a-a-aie!" contributed the baby.

The boy in the phaeton twitched the reins, but his sister laid restraining fingers on his arm.

"Oren! Listen! That sounds like Brudder!"

"Well, I've always told you and Ethel that all babes sound alike."

"Yaa-a-a-a-aie!" came down the wind to them.

"That is Brudder!" cried the girl turning to spring out.

"Oh, Tommy!" He held her arm. "How could it be Brudder? Don't be an idiot, Florence!"

"Oren, will you turn around and follow that man? Or shall I get out?"

Meanwhile Keene swung along at a brisk gait to the Logan's.

At the door the servant looked curiously at him, and eventually admitted him, doubtfully, to a reception-hall. He heard laughing voices in an adjoining room, and eagerly sniffed the mingled aromas of coffee and tobacco as he sank into a chair.

"Yah! Yah! Yaa-a-a-a-a-aie!" demanded the baby. Sounds in the next room suddenly ceased.

"Has he come, Katie?" asked the voice he had heard over the telephone. The maid's reply was lost in another outburst from his ward.

The curtains parted, and a tall, clean-featured man entered the hall.

"Good evening," said he.

Keene arose, the whimpering baby still cradled in his arm. He told briefly the story of the morning, concluding:

"And I could see but one solution of the trouble; and that was, to come here and throw myself and the baby on your hospitality."

"Y-yes," said Logan, reflectively. "We heard you were coming."

"You heard?"

"The station agent telephoned. He said you were a smooth proposition, but I hadn't looked for anything quite as clever as this. You see, Mr.—er—Keene, the only flaw in your story lies in the fact that the real Franklin Keene is already here. Keene, will you step into the hall a moment, please?"

There entered then a slender young man, with scanty hair and a lean countenance.

"This is Mr. Franklin Keene," continued Logan. "Now, it would interest me very much to learn how you knew that we expected Mr. Keene here to-day?"

"Mrs. Logan telephoned me at the club——"

"She telephoned, certainly; but——" he turned to the other man, "didn't you talk to her over the 'phone yesterday morning?"

Mrs. Logan pulled aside the curtains and stood by her husband.

"No," replied the lean one, "you asked me yourself when we met——"

"Yes, but she had already telephoned——"

"Not to me."

"So you"—to the Californian—"got that message? Are you a member of the club?"

"Only temporarily. I am the guest there of Doctor Burleigh."

"Of Doctor—ah!"—Logan's tone suggested that many things had suddenly been made clear to him—"Dr. James Burleigh?"

"Oh, that poor little baby!" Mrs. Logan impulsively took the child, cuddled it, and retreated to her husband's side.

Logan continued, in a changed tone: "I see, I see."

The door-bell whirred shrilly.

"I want to see Mrs. Logan!" demanded an excited girl's voice. "I saw a man with a baby——"

Those in the hall turned at the interruption.

"It is Brudder! It is Brudder!" Florence had darted to

the baby, and now, clasping him to her breast, confronted Keene, panting: "Where is my sister?"

"Your sister!" repeated Keene.

"This is her baby, where is she?"

"Oh! thank heaven!"

"Where is she?"

"I haven't the faintest idea—but I'm afraid she's somewhere between here and the next village—and I'm afraid she's frightened," he gently added. Then he told the story again, very quietly, to Florence Faulkner.

"Why, Ned," whispered Mrs. Logan, "do you really think he's insane?"

He nodded, "Unquestionably, I'm afraid."

"Look here," demanded the college boy, Oren, "are you telling this straight? Because if my sister"—he hesitated under the blazing indignation of Keene's glance.

"I don't think you need be alarmed about Mrs. Gerard's safety, Faulkner," said Logan, quickly. "Have we explained to you that we have two Mr. Keenes here? One is a friend from the West and the other is a guest" (significantly) "of Dr. James Burleigh."

"Oh!" gasped Florence. "Oh, mercy!" and she clasped her nephew closer.

"Good Lord!" cried Keene. "Of course, I'm his guest! But I'm not his patient, if that's what you mean! We were roommates at college. We played on the same——"

"Yes, that's all right. We all understand that perfectly. Now, don't let's get excited."

"Excited! Man! I'm as sane as—— I'm a whole lot saner than you are!"

"Of course," Logan laughed easily.

"Oh, poor Ethel!" sobbed Florence. She turned a tear-wet face to Keene. "Tell me truly! Did you get off that train with the baby to save Ethel?"

"Truly, I did."

For a moment she looked into his eyes; then she laid her hands in his. "I believe you; because, you see, you took off your coat to wrap the baby in."

"Bless your heart!" said he, "you're all right! Now, come on, Mr. Faulkner; we'll go and find your other sister, And when Jim Burleigh gets back," Keene addressed Logan, "I'll get him to give me a certificate of mental soundness, and then I'll be in a position to ask you what part of California your Franklin Keene comes from."

"California!" cried Mrs. Logan.

"Oh, I'm not from the coast," said the lean one. "Chicago's my home."

Keene turned a bewildered face to the hostess. "You said California, didn't you?"

"Did I? Oh, no, I couldn't! I must have said 'the beloved West.' That's what I call it."

Meanwhile young Faulkner had been muttering to himself: "California. Cali—Keene—of California! Keene—of California?" and now broke out sharply:

"See here; what was your college?"

Keene mentioned his Alma Mater.

"Why, say! You're not—you're never 'Kicking Keene of '92'!"

"Yes, I am."

"You are? You are?" The boy seized him by both hands. "Why, people, this man was one of the greatest football players this country ever—why he kicked five goals running——"

"No, I didn't. It was only four."

"I know all about him! Crazy nothin'! He's Keene—*the* Keene. Keene, of California!"

Nobody but the maid had heard the door-bell, but they all heard the mother's cry as she ran to gather in her boy.

When the excitement had cooled a little, somebody discovered Keene's famished condition, and there ensued much rivalry to make him comfortable. The first thing they brought him was liquid, and he looked over the glass at young Faulkner, asking:

"What do you call that boy?"

"His small sister has dubbed him 'Brudder,' and that goes while the rest of us squabble over whether he shall be named Scott, after his father, or Richard, after his grandfather, or Oren, after his other grandfather and me. But I can tell you one thing. After to-night—and I know Florence and Ethel will back me up in it—after to-night my vote goes for *Franklin Keene!*"

BOY'S IDEA OF CHRISTMAS.

LULU M. RORKE.

[Written expressly for this book.]

THEY called this "Merry Christmas,"
But it wasn't merry for me,
For everything I did all day
Was as bad as bad could be.

But that's only what the grown folks said—
I don't think they always know;
For if little boys are such awful bad things,
Why does God let them grow?

Now, because when I saw Santa Claus
Hurrying through the door,
I took my bow and arrow,
And shot him in the jaw.

For I said I'd watch and catch him,
If I stayed awake all night.
'N when I shot Old Santa
It gave him a terrible fright.

Well, ma said "It was naughty;"
In fact, she was mad:
"For me to start Christmas day,
To be so awful bad."

Then, when I put on my new skates,
And skated on the polished floor,
Lassoed all the ornaments
Shot through the glass in the door,

I didn't think it was wicked,
And I don't think so now;
But they all scolded me like fury,
And kicked up a terrible row.

So that's why I don't like Christmas
And don't think it a merry day
When a boy is scolded from morn till night
Just 'cause he wants to play.

If they'd only give me the presents
And let me alone, oh, gee!
It would be the happiest day of all
And you'd see how good I'd be.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S 1907 THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

ONCE again the season of the year has come when in accordance with the custom of our forefathers for generations past, the President appoints a day as the especial occasion for all our people to give praise and thanksgiving to God.

During the past year we have been free from famine, from pestilence, from war. We are at peace with all the rest of mankind. Our natural resources are at least as great as those of any other nation. We believe that in ability to develop and take advantage of these resources the average man of this nation stands at least as high as the average man of any other. No-

where else in the world is there such an opportunity for a free people to develop to the fullest extent all its powers of body, of mind, and of that which stands above both body and mind—character.

Much has been given us from on high and much will rightly be expected of us in return. Into our care the ten talents have been intrusted and we are to be pardoned neither if we squander and waste them nor yet if we hide them in a napkin, for they must be fruitful in our hands. Ever throughout the ages, at all times and among all peoples, prosperity has been fraught with danger, and it behooves us to beseech the Giver of All Things that we may not fall into love of ease and of luxury; that we may not lose our sense of moral responsibility; that we may not forget our duty to God and to our neighbor.

A great democracy like ours, a democracy based upon the principles of orderly liberty, can be perpetuated only if in the heart of the ordinary citizen there dwells a keen sense of righteousness and justice. We should earnestly pray that this spirit of righteousness and justice may grow ever greater in the hearts of all of us, and that our souls may be inclined evermore both toward the virtues that tell for gentleness and tenderness, for loving kindness and forbearance one with another, and toward those no less necessary virtues that make for manliness and rugged hardihood, for without these qualities neither nation nor individual can rise to the level of greatness.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do set apart Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day I recommend that the people shall cease from their daily work, and in their homes or in their churches meet devoutly to thank the Almighty for the many and great blessings they have received in the past, and to pray that they may be given the strength so to order their lives as to deserve a continuation of these blessings in the future.

"GREEN GROW THE RUSHES O."

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNY.

WHEN I was about eighteen year old,
'Nd winter evenin's long 'nd cold
Came 'round, 'nd sleighin' got real good,
My gal would put on cloak and hood,
'Nd I would hitch up our old Fan.
I'd ruther have her than the span,
Because I wanted one arm free,
Fer-fer-fer drivin', don't you see.
Then when I drew up tu the gate
She'd say I was "A leetle late;"
In sich a way, tu let me see
She'd been a-waitin' thar fer me.
'Nd then we'd dash away, away,
With chimin' bells in old red sleigh;
Singin' a song out o'er the snow,
About "Green grow the rushes O."

'Nd when we reached the house whar they
Were havin' of a grand swaray,
Or soshyble, or dance or sich,
We'd drive inter the barn 'nd hitch.
Then carry tu the house a pile
O' fodder that'd make you smile;
A milk-pan full o' biscuits and
Another full o' doughnuts, and
Another full o' pickles, and
Another full o' chicken, and—
Well, never mind about that are,
We'd lug it in, then skip upstair;
Throw off our wraps 'nd then we'd run,
Downstairs all ready for some fun;
And jine the young folks, cheeks aglow,
Singin' "Green grow the rushes O"

The old folks in another room,
Would sit as solemn as the tomb;
The men about their crops would speak;
The wimmen though'd slyly peep
In through the door 'nd watch their boys
'Nd gals, 'nd laugh tu hear the noise;
Fer wimmen's hearts don't grow old
Like men's, likewise they don't grow cold,
Though years may top their heads with snow,
I've had a mother 'nd I know.
What fun we had, my gal and I;
As 'round inside the ring we'd fly.
She'd make pretense to run away,
But still I allers won the day,
'Nd got life's sweetest kiss I know,
Playin' "Green grow the rushes O."

'Nd then the ride hum in the night,
Under the stars all shinin' bright.
We didn't hurry on our way,
Because we—we had lots to say,
'Nd we two nicely filled the seat,
'Nd, oh, how fair she was, how sweet!
That face I never can forget;
I shet my eyes 'nd see it yet.
One evenin' when I drove around
Tu take my sweetheart out tu town,
The doctor's sleigh was thar, 'nd I
Was told the gal I loved must die—
My little sweetheart dying there!
No more I'd see her face so fair,
Or hear her voice so soft and low
Singin' "Green grow the rushes O."

Well, that was sixty year' ago.

SUE'S THANKSGIVING.

LUCY MARIAN BLINN.

"To-morrow'll be Thanksgiving," said merry little Sue,
"Mother is making puddings and pies, and there's ever so much to do.
And Mary is coming—the darling! and Nell with her baby-boy
And dear old grandpa and brother Tim—oh, my! I am wild with joy!

"One year ago poor grandma came; but her face was, oh, so white!
And she trembled so, and talked so low, I cried with all my might.
She said when this Thanksgiving came, and we placed the chairs around,
Hers would be empty and her dear face be under the frozen ground.

"And now it's true, and I know I'll cry when I see poor grandpa stand
Alone at the head of the table, while he prays with uplifted hand;
For grandma always stood there, too, and said a sweet 'Amen!'
'Twill seem as if we all must wait till we hear her voice again.

"Oh, that cunning little boy of Nell's! I don't know how to wait
Till I see their carriage come over the hill and stop before the gate.
She wrote about such funny things the little rogue would do;
When she asks him who he loves the best, he says, just as plain, 'Aunt Sue.'

"And Tim has let his whiskers grow—I know he'll be a fright!
I know just how he'll tease me, too, from morning until night;
He'll catch me up in his great strong arms, and run up-stairs and down,
And rub my cheeks, to make them red, with his beard so rough and brown.

"I know just what Aunt Mary'll say: 'Why, Sue, how thee does grow!
Does thee grow better as thee grows tall? I'd very much like to know.'
Dear auntie! she always looks so good, and has such a pleasant smile,
Just as if they had Thanksgiving at her house all the while.

"I must thank the Lord for my parents kind, and these friends beside;
For grandpa and darling grandma—oh! I wish she hadn't died!
But I'll thank Him because I had her once, and ask Him not to take
Any more angels from our house, for the dear Christ Jesus' sake.

"I think I'll stand where grandma stood, close by her empty chair;
And grandpa'll lay his dear old hand so softly on my hair,
While he prays a beautiful, loving prayer to the Father in Heaven; and then
I'll bow my head and whisper to God, 'For grandma's sake, Amen!'"

SHE GOT IT.

ELLA GERTRUDE GUSTAM.

THEY were walking through the grave-yard,
Reading inscriptions on tombstones,
Some half effaced, which made it hard
To tell who once had owned the bones.

"What kind of stone do you like, Beth?"
He asked of the maiden so fair.
Her answer took awav his breath;
She simply said: "A solitaire."

JOSIAH ALLEN'S POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

JOSIAH ALLEN would spend hours tellin' me what he wus goin' to do when he got to Washington, if he should be elected senator. Says he:

"Now, there's political economy; I shall go in for that. I shall say right out to Congress, the first speech I make, that there is too much money spent to buy votes with. And I shall prove it, that we can get votes cheaper if we senators all join in together and put our feet down that we won't pay only so much for a vote. As long as one man is willin' to pay high, why everybody else has to follow suit, and there ain't no economy in that, not a mite. Then there is the canal question. I'll make a thorough end of that."

"How will you do it?" says I.

Says he, "I will have the whole canal cleaned out from one end to the other."

"I wus a-readin' only yesterday about the corruption of the canal question," says I, "but I didn't suppose it meant that."

"That's because you ain't a man. You hain't got the mind to grasp these big questions. The corruption of the canal means the bottom of the canal is all covered over with dead cats and things; and it ort to be seen to by men that is capable of seein' to such things! It ort to be cleaned out. And I am the man that has got the mind for it. Then there is the Star Route. Nothin' but blamed foolishness from beginnin' to end. They might have knowed they couldn't make any road through the stars. Why, the very Bible is agin it! The ground is good enough for me. Nothin' but dumb foolishness, and so Uncle Nate Gowdy said it wus. He got to talkin' of it yesterday, and he said it wus a pity wimmen couldn't vote on it. He said it would be jest about what they would like to vote for. He talked awful smart about wimmen's votin'. He said any man was a fool to think that wimmen

would ever have the requisite grasp of intellect and the knowledge of public affairs that would render her a competent voter. I tell you, you have got to understand things to tackle politics. Politics takes deep study. Now, there is the tariff question, and the revenue. I shall most probably favor 'em and push 'em right through."

"How," says I.

"Oh, wall! a woman most probable couldn't understand it. But I shall push 'em forward all I can, and lift 'em up."

"Where to?" says I.

"Oh, keepin' a-askin' and a-naggin'! That's what wears out us public men—wimmen's questionin'."

"Specially when they don't know what to answer. Josiah Allen, you don't know this minute what tariff means, or revenue, either."

"Wall, I know what starvation means, and I know what vitles means; and I know I am as hungry as a bear."

"And as cross," says I. But instinctively I hung on the teakettle, and he grew pleasant agin in his demeanor, and says he:

"There will be some abuses reformed when I get to Washington, D. C. Now, there is the civil service law. Why, as Uncle Nate said yesterday, hired men ain't civil at all, nor hired girls neither. And hotel clerks; now, they don't know what civil service is. Why, when Uncle Nate went to Ohio last fall, he stayed over night in a hotel in Cleveland, and the hotel clerk sassed him jest because he wanted to blow out his light instead of turnin' it off. And Uncle Nate jest spoke right up smart as a whip and said old-fashioned ways wus good enough for him, and blowers wus made before turners, and he should blow it out. And the hotel clerk threatened to make him leave. And ruther than make a fuss, Uncle Nate turned it off out. But Uncle Nate said it rankled deep."

Josiah come in one day, with Solomon Cypher's shovel, and I asked him what it wus, and he said it wus "the spoils of office." And I says, "It hain't no such thing. It's Solomon Cypher's shovel."

"Wall," says he, "Solomon has gone over to the prohibitionists, and if I am goin' to enter political life, I must begin to practice sometime. They all gets spoils of office. And it's a crackin' good shovel, too."

"You are going to carry that shovel right straight home, Josiah Allen." And I made him do it. The idea!

Another time he wus gettin' ready to go to Jonesville, and he said to me:

"The old mare is good enough for Jonesville, Samantha, but when we get to Washington we will want something more stylish. I'm goin' to make a show for once in my life. One thing I'm bound on—I shall drive tantrum."

"How?"

"Why, I shall buy another mare, most probable some gay-colored one, and hitch it before the old white one, and drive tantrum. Dog-carts are stylish, I hear: but our old dog is so dumb lazy you never could get him off a walk. But tantrum I will drive."

I mentioned to him that the bobbin of my sewing-machine was broke and asked him to get me another one of the agent at Jonesville. And he says:

"Yes, I will tend to your machine; and, speakin' of machines, that makes me think of another thing Uncle Nate and I wus talkin' about,—machine politics. I shan't favor 'em. What under the sun do they want machines to make politics with, when there's lots of men willin' and more than willin' to make 'em? And it is as expensive agin. Machines come tarnation high."

"I can understand you without swearin', Josiah Allen."

"'Tarnation' ain't swearin'. I shall use that word most probable, in Washington, D. C."

"Wall, there will have to be some tea and sugar got."

"Yes, I'll get some. But won't it be handy, Samantha, to have free trade? Along in the winter when the hens don't lay and we don't make butter to turn off, it will come dreadful handy to jest hitch up the mare and go to the store, and come home with

a lot of groceries of all kinds, and some fresh meat, mebby; and mebby some neckties of different colors."

"Who would pay for 'em, Josiah Allen?"

"Why the government, of course."

"I can't believe that is free trade, Josiah."

"That's because you're a woman. Free trade is one of the prerequisites of a senator. Why, what would a man want to be a senator for if he couldn't make by it? Wimmen is good enough in their places," says he, as he comes to me to button his shirt sleeves and tie his cravat, "but they hain't got the hard horse-sense that one has got to have to make money out of the nation."

To change the subject, I asked him where he wus goin' to sell our winter apples, and he says:

"Wall, I shall probable have to use the apples this fall to buy votes with."

"To buy votes with?"

"Yes, I lay out to get lots of votes with green apples. It seems as if I ort to get a vote for a bushel of apples; but there is so much iniquitry and cheatin' in politics now that I may have to give a bushel and a half, or even two bushels. And then I shall make a lot of the smaller ones up into hard cider, and use 'em to—to advance the interests of myself and the nation in that way. There is a hull lot of folks, Uncle Nate says, he can get to vote for me by the judicious use of—wall, stimulants."

I riz up and grasped holt of his arm.

"Josiah Allen, will you put the cup to your neighbor's lips, for your own gain?"

"They hain't my neighbors, and it probably hain't no cup they'll drink out of. Them fellows like to take it right from the bottle or jug."

"To think a human bein' would go to work deliberate to get a man into a state that is jest as likely as not to end in murder or any other crime, for gain to himself!"

"Good landy, Samantha! Why, I hain't seen you so riz up for years."

"I hain't felt so. To think of the brink you're a-standin'

on, and jest a-fallen off. I should call it a good deal more honorable in you to get drunk yourself, and I should think more of you if I see you reelin' 'round yourself, than to make other folks reel. I should think it was your own reel, and you had more right to it than to anybody else's. Oh, to think I should live to see the hour to have my companion ready to steal, or to be stole, or knock down, or *anything* to buy votes or to sell 'em."

MY GRAY GUINEVER.

HENRY L. TURNER.

THE bugles were blowing at break of day,
As we rode through the dawning light down the highway;
The heart of each trooper beat wild and high
As the stars grew dim in the morning sky.

Big Charley loomed up on his bay at my right,
With his brow grown stern and his lips drawn tight;
And silent and grim rode Corporal Tom
With a far-off look and his heart away home.

Now, Charley was bold and strong and tall,
And his heart was big as the world and all;
He was gentle and tender as brave souls are—
With a tiny pink spot on his brow so fair.

'Twas a long-ago kiss had rested there
And sent him to suffer, to do and to dare;
And a sweet little heart, in a Northern town,
Was longing to look in his eyes of brown,

While a dear old head, with its silvery hair,
Was far away bowed in its morning prayer
"That the good God would never let evil thing come
To her baby, her darling, brave Corporal Tom!"

So Tom had his mother and Charley his love,
But the light of my life was burning above;
Of home and of kindred—of love all bereft,
I'd only my gray mare Guinever left.

We silently rode 'neath the sheltering pines
For many a mile through the enemy's lines,
Till we passed a low hut with its crumbling roofs,
When we caught the sharp clatter of galloping hoofs.

And out of the woods rode a leader in gray,
And a cordon of fire blazed up in our way;
But our carbines rang out, as we drove with a shout
Through that line, like a whirlwind, and put them to rout.

Still the bay at my right, galloped furiously on,
But his saddle was empty—his rider was gone;
For our brave-hearted Charley lay pulseless and still
By the break in the roadway just under the hill.

And the tiny pink spot on his marble brow
Was dyeing the earth a deep crimson now.
Ah, the sweet lips of love had but sealed him for heaven;
For the bullet had sped where the kiss had been given.

Over fences and fields, over valley and hill;
Dashed we on, Tom and I, whilst the foe shot to kill;
Till, off at the left, came a ringing report,
And death found its way to the Corporal's heart.

From the rear and both flanks the gray troopers came on.
Both comrades were down, and I—I alone,
Must save the brave fellows who bade me good-bye.
I must fight, I must ride, but I must not die.

"Ah, Guinever, girl, do you love your master well?
More—a thousand times more—than you know how to tell
Then run, pretty one, run, as never before,
And I'll love you for aye, when the danger is o'er!

"Bide a bit, Lady Queen, let him come, let him come!
'Tis the scoundrel that shot poor old Corporal Tom!
This fighting—great God! but it's ghastly and grim!
Now gently there, gently, till I settle with him.

"He's down, Guinever, oh, my beauty, my pet!
With this blessed old carbine we'll riddle them yet.
Let out, my brave girl, let out there, I say,
I'll fight them, I'll fight them whilst you run away.

"Oh, Guinever, Guinever, hark to that shout—
The hell-gates are loosed and the damned are all out!
Come on, you gray demons, come on, one and all;
I'll lead you a dance at a cavalry ball.

"Oh, bless you, my treasure, 'twas splendidly done!
The danger's now over the race is well won.
If only poor Charley and Tom had pulled through
I could laugh at the gray, for yonder's the blue.

"Oh, thank you, my General, I did do my best;
But was only more lucky, you see, than the rest;
And if justice were done, I really think, sir,
You'd promote, not myself—but my gray Guinever."

SHE WAS IT.

WIDOWER. I've always said that if I married again I should choose a girl who is as good as she is beautiful.

MISS WILLING. Really, this is very sudden, George; but I accept you, of course.

JAM POTS.

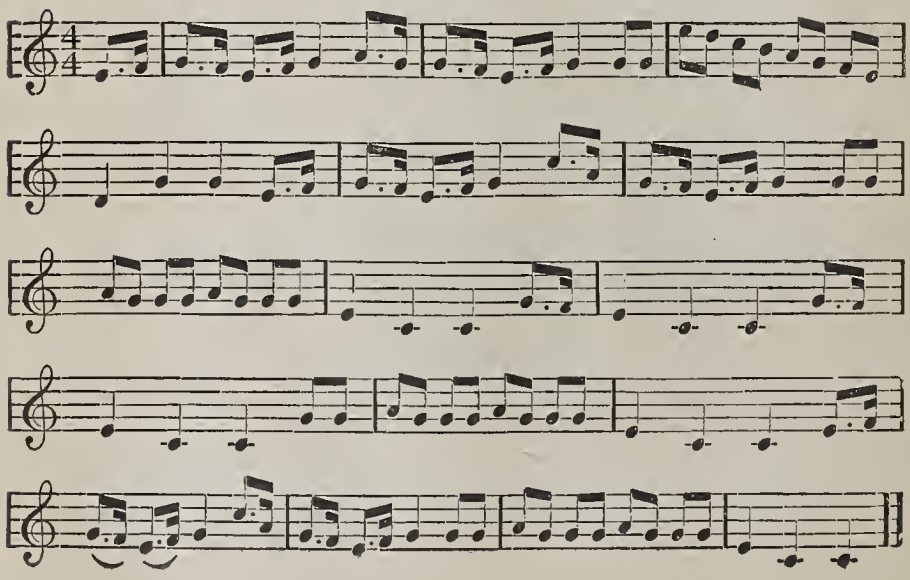
Action Song.

Characters: Four or eight little girls.

Costume: Dresses of Turkey red. Skirts to the floor. Short sleeves consisting of one large puff. A broad strip of heavy dark brown carpet paper arranged around the waist just under the arms. The paper may be cut in strips so wide they reach to the waist-line for the first couple, a little narrower for the next couple, and so on. Each girl is labeled in large white letters pasted on the brown paper some sweet mentioned in the song, such as "Raspberry Jam," "Currant Jelly," etc. Caps of the brown paper.

Directions: The girls march in by twos. They make appropriate gestures as they sing the song, and while singing the chorus, pat themselves and nod their heads right and left in time with the music.

JAM POTS.



You may talk about your groves,
Where you wander with your loves,
You may talk about your moonlit waves that fall and flow;
I can tell you, if you will,
Of the house upon the hill,
And the charming little cupboards where the jam pots grow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jelly, jolly jelly, jolly jam pots grow.
Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jelly, jolly jelly, jolly jam pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine
In their syrup clear and fine,
And the raspberries are shining in their dusky glow,
And the cherry and the plum
Beckon me to come
To the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.
—*Chorus.*

There the sprightly pickles stand,
And the catsup close at hand,
And the marmalade and jellies in a goodly row,
And the quinces' ruddy fire
Would an anchorite inspire
To seek the charming little cupboards where the jam pots grow.

—*Chorus.*

ELMER BROWN.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AWF'LEST boy in this-here town
Er anywheres is Elmer Brown!
He'll mock you—yes, an' strangers, too
An' make a face an' yell at you,—
"Here's the way *you* look!"

Yes, an' wunst in school one day,
An' teacher's lookin' wite that way,
He helt his slate, an' hide his head,
An' maked a face at her, an' said,—
"Here's the way *you* look!"

An'—sir! when Rosie Wheeler smile
One morning at him 'crosst the aisle,
He twist his face all up, an' black
His nose wiv ink, an' whisper back,—
"Here's the way *you* look!"

Wunst when his Aunt's all dressed to call,
An' kiss him good-bye in the hall,
An' latch the gate an' start away,
He holler out to her and say,—
"Here's the way *you* look!"

An' when his pa he read out loud
The speech he maked, an' feel so proud
It's in the paper—Elmer's Ma
She ketched him—wite behind his Pa,—
"Here's the way *you* look!"

Nen when his Ma she slip an' take
Him in the other room an' shake
Him good! w'y, he don't care—no, sir!—
He ist look up an' laugh at her,—
"Here's the way *you* look!"

ORESTES'S CHARIOT RACE.

[From Sophocles's "Electra."]

ORESTES journeyed forth to those great games which Hellas counts her pride, to join the Delphic contests. He heard the herald's voice, with loud command, proclaim, as coming first, the chariot race; and so he entered radiant, every eye admiring as he passed. And in the race he equaled all the promise of his form in those his rounds, and so with noblest prize of conquest left the ground, proclaimed an Argive. So far, well.

But lo! another day, when, as the sun was rising, came the race swift-footed, of the chariot and the horse, he entered there with many charioteers; one an Archæan, one from Sparta, two from Libya, who with four-horsed chariots came, and he with these, with swift Thessalian mares, came as the fifth; a sixth with bright bay colts came from Ætolia; and the seventh was born in far Magnesia; and the eighth, by race an Ænian, with white horses, and the ninth from Athens came, the city built of God, last a Bœotian, tenth in order, came, and made the list complete. And so they stood—when the appointed umpires fixed by lot, and placed the cars in order; and with sound of brazen trump they started. Cheering all their steeds at once, they shook the reins, and then the course was filled with all the clash and din of rattling chariots, and the dust rose high; and all commingled, sparing not the goad, that each might pass his neighbor's axle-trees, and the horses' hot, hard breathing. And he, come just where the last stone marks the course's goal, turning the corner sharp, and, letting go the right hand trace-horse, pulled the nearer in; and so at first the chariots keep their course; but then the unbroken colts the Ænian owned rush at full speed, and, turning headlong back, just as they closed their sixth round or their seventh, dash their heads right against the chariot wheels of those who came from Barkè. And from thence each on the other crashed, they fell o'erturned, and Crissa's spacious plain was filled with wreck of chariots. Then the man from Athens,

skilled and wily charioteer, seeing the mischief, turns his steed aside, at anchor rides, and leaves the whirling surge of man and horse thus raging. Last of all, keeping his steeds back, waiting for the end, Orestes came. And when he sees the man from Athens left, his only rival, then, with shaken rein, urging his colts, he follows, and they twain drove onward, both together, by a head, now this, now that, their chariots gaining ground; and all the other rounds in safety passed. Upright in upright chariot still he stood, ill-starred one; then the left rein letting loose just as his horse was turning, unawares he strikes the furthest pillar, breaks the spokes right at his axle's center, and slips down from out his chariot, and is dragged along with reins dissevered. And, when thus he fell, his colts tore headlong to the ground's mid-space; and when the host beheld him fallen thus from off the chariot, they bewailed him sore, so young, so noble, so unfortunate, now hurled upon the ground, and now his limbs to heaven exposing. Then the charioteers full hardly keeping back the rush of steeds, freed the poor corpse so bloody, that not one of all his friends would know him, and his body they burnt upon the pyre; and now they bear, in a poor urn of bronze, his mighty form reduced to ashes, to his fatherland wailing, "Orestes, he is dead, the mighty one!"

SMALLEST BOY IN SCHOOL.

I AM the smallest boy in school,
As you can see, just now;
The audience will—I hope—keep cool,
As thus I make my bow.

You can't expect much of a speech
From such a little mite:
Permit me, then, to bow to each,
And say to all—Good-night!

THANKSGIVING EVE.

MARGARET SIDNEY.

IT was Thanksgiving eve—so they said—
And hurried the children in nightgowns and caps,
And tucked them up warm in each little bed.
And the snow fell down on the old roof-tree,
And kept them as cozy as cozy could be.

It was Thanksgiving eve; don't you think
The pies were in rows on the pantry shelves,
And nice things to eat, and nice things to drink,
Resignedly looked for the morrow to bring
A miserable end to everything?

It was Thanksgiving eve, and a noise
Like the whirring of wings in the midst of the wood,
When the birds are chased by the boys,
And a turkey, old and big and plump,
Got on to his feet with a clump, clump, clump.

It was Thanksgiving eve, and behold!
A brace of fat ducks hopped out of a pan,
And together stalked off very bold;
And a gosling jumped down to the old kitchen floor;
And they all made off for the door.

It was Thanksgiving eve, if you please,
Even the chickens turned 'round in the pie,
And stretched their legs at their ease.
And the coast was clear, for the folks were abed,
So they picked their way out with a martial tread.

It was Thanksgiving eve, and alas!
Not a drumstick was left in that kitchen forlorn
To tell what had come to pass.
Not a tip of a wing, nor a scrap of good meat
Was left for those Thanksgiving diners to eat.

It was Thanksgiving eve, and just hark!
A terrible sound, appalling to hear,
Came pealing downstairs in the dark.
"Mamma, is it true?" cried a chorus in fright,
"Ben says that our dinner's run off in the night!"

It was Thanksgiving eve, and, oh, joy!
The wet little cheeks were tenderly pressed.
"Oh Ben! you ridiculous boy!
You've been dreaming!" Then what gay little screams!
"It had only gone off to the No-land of Dreams!"
"'Cause, mamma, no chickens that wished to do right,
Nor turkey, would *really* run off in the night."

"TOO YOUNG TO KNOW."

I ASKED my pa a simple thing:
"Where holes in doughnuts go?"
Pa read his paper, then he said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

I asked my ma about the wind:
"Why can't you see it blow?"
Ma thought a moment, then she said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

Now, why on earth do you suppose
They went and licked me so?
Ma asked: "Where is that jam?" I said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

PETTISON TWINS AT KINDERGARTEN.

MARION HILL.

THE Pettison twins were going for the first time to Miss Millie's Kindergarten. While waiting for the kindergarten van to appear, they stood on the curb, while their mother improved their minds through the channel of instructive conversation.

"And, Regina—(look at me; always look straight into mother's eyes when mother is talking)—if slates are used, and Miss Millie hands you a pencil, remember not to put it into your mouth. A slate-pencil which goes from mouth to mouth is sure to be infested with bacilli of diphtheria."

"Yes, mamma," said Regina, dutifully.

"And, Rex, no matter how thirsty you may become, do not touch a drop of water unless you are sure it has been filtered and boiled."

"Yes, mamma," answered Rex.

"Regina—(how often do I have to tell you to look at mother?)—a clean handkerchief? Have you one?"

Crimsoning under horrible doubt, Regina began to claw up her sleeves, and down her shoes, gathering speed as her ill-luck grew.

"Rex here interposed, tenderly: "Why don't you try your pocket, sister?"

There the linen was found, and with a gasp of surprise, and relief, Regina rammed it further down to keep it there. She never intended to use it.

Mrs. Pettison turned to Rex, anticipating the same scene. But he was ready for her, and produced his immediately.

At this point the van appeared and stopped at the Pettison's, filled to the brim with chattering atoms, among whom the twins were hastily packed and driven away.

Miss Millie had told Rex several days before that he might bring with him to the kindergarten any little boy or girl who

might be benefited by such a visit, and Rex, who had settled upon Jakey Hart for his guest, was finding it difficult to persuade the driver of the van to stop for his friend. The trouble was that the driver knew Jakey already, and had spent a short lifetime in dodging Jakey's attentions, ranging all the way from cobble-stones to carrots. But Rex was so insistent that Jehu finally turned into the unsavory alley where Jakey was waiting.

"Whoa! stop the hearse!" Jakey yelled huskily. "This here's th' stiff yer lookin' fer! Whoa! I say! All aboard for the morgue!" This was his manner of signifying that he had climbed in.

When the children arrived at the kindergarten, Miss Millie was waiting for them, and she said, "Good-morning, Paul, good-morning, Angela," and so on down the line, to the embarrassment of all and the anguish of some.

"Is this new little boy your friend, Rex?"

"No, Miss Millie."

"Which of you brought him, children?"

"Oh, I brought him, Miss Millie, but he is not my friend. He is a friend of the garbage gentleman and rides on the garbage-wagon, and sometimes he comes into our back yard and upsets our ashes, so I asked him to the kindergarten."

"And I am sure he is very welcome," said Miss Millie, in the Froebelest voice she could muster.

"And what is your name, little boy?"

Jakey grinned.

"His name is Jakey, Miss Millie," twittered the twins.

"Good-morning, Jakey."

Jakey grinned.

"Good-morning, Jakey."

Jakey grinned harder.

"Children, Jakey feels shy, so we must not expect too much of him. We are sure that he feels good-morning in his heart."

At this the corners of the shy boy's mouth all but met at the back of his head, and Miss Millie felt it to be wisdom to send her flock to the anteroom to remove their wraps.

They each came out with a shrill "toot! toot!" and proceeded to scuffle madly around the room like a "choo-car." One may do lots of things at a kindergarten for which one gets spanked at home.

At a crisis of noise Miss Millie said insinuatingly:

"The piano will soon speak, children."

The twins and Jakey looked interestingly at the piano to see where the phonograph was attached, but when Miss Millie struck the instrument it gave forth only the thug usual to pianos.

At the sound most of the infants stood still and folded their fat little arms, but the rest continued to cavort madly around.

Miss Millie thugged again and said sadly:

"The piano has spoken twice, children."

At this all came to a decorous stop.

The piano spoke next in tones of a lively march, and the little ones filed around the room and took places upon a brown circle painted on the floor. Down they sat, Turk-fashion, and in forty-seven different keys broke into a cheery warble, "Good-day, little bird, good-day!" inclining their heads first to left and then to right.

Though the twins sat down and wagged their heads with the rest, the whole performance appeared to them as unworthy the dignity of the human race. To sit on the floor was bad enough, but to bob your heads at your friends and call them "birds" was worse. Jakey neither sat nor sang, nor did he bob. Like a tow-headed Napoleon he stood with folded arms and surveyed unsmiling the antics of his fellows.

The bird business was over, the children scrambled to their feet and sang a squirrel song to the wriggling of their fingers.

"And now, children, let us take our seats at the table and listen to a blackboard story."

In a twinkling all had taken possession of tiny red chairs and seated themselves around a low table. Miss Millie propped a book against the blackboard and from it proceeded to give an "impromptu" lesson. She first drew——

g i s m .

Pointing to "g" she began: "Once upon a time, children, a little girl called Gertie went out for a walk. This is a picture of her. You will know her every time you see her, for she has a curly feather on the top of her hat. She took with her this little brother of hers" (pointing to "i"). "His name is Ibby. A strange name, is it not? Ibby. Ibby was so glad to go that he threw his cap up in the air. You can see it just above his head—they walked through the tall grass of the meadow until they came upon this" (pointing to "s"). "It was a snake, but it did not frighten them, for it was a tame snake, and it went 's-s-s,' as if saying 'Good-morning, children.'"

At the mention of the snake, Angela shuddered and shook her curls over her face. Rex looked at her and she looked back at him and smiled. A dimpling smile shot at a person through curls is a demoralizing thing, as Rex found out to his cost. He lost the rest of the story and only came to his senses as Miss Millie was pointing to the period and saying:

"——They were so tired that they sat down on this stone to rest. You must always rest when you come to this mark in a story. Now, you are going to tell it all over again to me. What is this, Paul?"

"A little bitty girl with a fedder on her head."

"And what is her name, Elizabeth?"

"Name Gertie. My momma had a nurse-girl Gertie once, she did."

"And what is this, Angela?"

Angela's answer was lost to Rex, he was so anxious to get another curly smile. He got it. Again he sweltered in rapture until he was pulled up short by hearing his own name.

"And what is this, Rex?"

She was pointing to the period. Rex knew it to be a period—he could read when he was three years old—but he also knew that in a kindergarten, everything wasn't itself at all, so he hazarded, recklessly:

"That is Ibby's hat."

"Aw, haw! aw, haw!" jeered Jakey. "You're a corker. Can't tell Ibby's hat from a stun to sit on when yer tired. Why din' yer call it er tame snake in de grass, fur a flyer? Aw, haw!"

Frightened Miss Millie said, "Look at the clock, children. It is dream time. We are all going to shut our eyes. Pretty soon a picture will come, and when we wake we shall all tell our dreams. Now we are going to sleep."

Miss Millie shut her eyes, and the obedient tots followed suit, Jakey alone presiding as spectator. In a short time a pervading wriggle warned Miss Millie that she had better wake up.

"Oh, what a lovely sleep we have had. I can see that Angela must have had a beautiful dream. Tell us what it was, dear."

Angela danced to her feet.

"I dweamed I was in a garden, an' in the garden was a boo'ful wite wose an' a but'fly flewed into the garden——"

"Flew, dear."

"——flew wite on to the wose an' went to sleep there."

"It is Hugh's turn now."

Hugh, a prim, pretty-faced boy, arose.

"I dreamed I was in a boat, a little silver boat, and I was on waves, little silver waves, and fishes splashed all around me, little silver fishes, and the boat shot into a wood and there was a fairy kindergarten there, and the fairy teacher was called Miss Millie, and she was the best teacher in the world and the prettiest."

"Very nicely told, Hugh," said Miss Millie.

Without waiting for an invitation Jakey jumped to his feet.

"My dream's a peach! When I shet me eyes——"

"Shut, dear."

"——shet, dear. When I shet me dear eyes, I dreamed you was a cop——"

"You were."

"I were——"

"No, you were, I was."

"Well, din' I say 'you was' the fust time?" demanded Jakey. "I dreamed you was a cop—a sparrer cop—in de park and I

were a yaller pup, an' when I'd git on de grass you'd swipe me wid yer club, an' wunst I cotched a holt of de club in me jaws an' it turned into a sassage an' I et the sassage—see?"

Rex saw duty stare him in the face.

"Jakey," he said with firm sadness, "I do not think you saw all that when you shut your eyes."

"You're 'nuther!"

"Another what?"

"'Nuther sozzling gazaboo idjit!"

"Oh, children, children! Count ten and then speak to Rex."

Rex was mild, Rex was a philosopher, but his heart was the heart of a man, and he hurled himself upon Jakey with all the implacable fury of five-and-three-quarter years. Goodness knows what might have been the outcome had not Miss Millie fortunately forgotten her professional sweetness and separated them with the force and precision of a ring-master.

"Gimme me hat and lemme git a smell of air," snorted Jakey, "I'll git bats in me belfry stayin' here. Gimme me hat." And, without further formality of farewell, he dashed through the door to fresh air, freedom and sane living.

When the twins reached home they decided *against* the kindergarten.

DUBLIN'S SKYSCRAPERS.

An American, visiting Dublin, told some startling stories about the height of some of the New York buildings. An Irishman, who was listening, stood it as long as he could, and then queried:

"Ye haven't seen our newest hotel, have ye?"

The American thought not.

"Well," said the Irishman, "it's so tall that we had to put the two top stories on hinges."

"What for?" asked the American.

"So we could let 'em down till the moon went by," said Pat.

THE BLIND ARCHER.

A. Conan Doyle.

LITTLE boy Love drew his bow at a chance,
Shooting down at the ball-room floor;
He hit an old chaperon watching the dance,
And, oh, but he wounded her sore.
"Hey, Love, you couldn't mean that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?"
No word would he say,
But he flew on his way,
For the little boy's busy, and how could he stay?

Little boy Love drew a shaft just for sport
At the soberest club in Pall Mall;
He winged an old veteran drinking his port,
And down that old veteran fell.
"Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?
This cannot be right!
It's ludicrous quite!"
But it's no use to argue, for Love's out of sight.

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart
Was planning a celibate vow;
But the boy's random arrow has sunk in his heart,
And the cell is an empty one now.
"Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?
He is not for you,
He has duties to do."
"But I am his duty," quoth Love, as he flew.

The king sought a bride, and the nation had hoped
For a queen without rival or peer.
But the little boy shot, and the king has eloped
With Miss No-one, on nothing a year.
"Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?
What an impudent thing
To make game of a king!"
"But I'm a king, also," cried Love on the wing.

Little boy Love grew pettish one day;
"If you keep on complaining," he swore,
"I'll pack both my bow and my quiver away,
And so I shall plague you no more."
"Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?
You may ruin our ease,
You may do what you please,
But we can't do without you, you sweet little tease."

BRER RABBIT AND BRER BEAR.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

ONE year Brer Bear he have a pen of fine hogs just ready for the smoke-house. But just before the Christmas season come on, every morning when Brer Bear fotch out his corn to feed the hogs, Brer Bear he done count them, and he find one gone; and the next morning Brer Bear done count them, and he find one more gone; and so it go twell nigh 'bout the lasest one of Brer Bear's fine fat hogs done gone.

Now Brer Bear he 'low he bound to find out who the thief what steal his hogs; so all enduring the Christmas holidays Brer Bear he visit among his neighbors constant, and they all say, "What come over Brer Bear, he getting that sociable?"

But when Brer Bear visiting, Brer Bear he be a-looking, and he be a-looking, and he be a-smelling for them fine hogs.

Well, Brer Bear he go to visit Brer Fox, and he don' see nothing and he don' smell nothing; and then Brer Bear he go visit Sis Coon, but he don' smell nothing and he don' see nothing; then Brer Bear he call on Brer Wolf, but he don' see nothing and he don' smell nothing.

Then Brer Bear he call on Brer Rabbit. Brer Bear he knock on the door, and Miss Rabbit she open the door, and invite Brer Bear in. Brer Bear he say, "Where Brer Rabbit?" and Miss Rabbit she say, "Brer Rabbit gone to quarterly meeting," being as he one of the stewards of the church.

Brer Bear he say he want a fresh drink, and he go out to the well-house, and he sees where they been killing hogs. Now Brer Bear he know Brer Rabbit didn't put no hogs up in the pen. Brer Bear he walk 'round and 'round and he say, "I smell the blood of my land."

And Brer Bear he taunt Miss Rabbit with Brer Rabbit stealing all his fine hogs, and he say how he going straight up to quarterly meeting to catch Brer Rabbit, and Brer Bear he roll his hands and arms in the blood and he say he going take the proof.

Now Miss Rabbit certainly are a faithful wife. When Brer Bear start off down the big road toward the quarterly meeting, Miss Rabbit she take a short cut through the woods, lipity, clipity. She get there before Brer Bear.

Miss Rabbit she go in and take a seat longside Brer Rabbit. She whisper in his ear, "Trouble, trouble, watch out. Brer Bear he say he smell the blood of his land, trouble, trouble." Brer Rabbit he say, "Hush your mouth," and he go on with the meeting. Now Brer Bear ain't the onliest man what has been losing hogs that Christmas. Brer Wolf he done lose some o' his fine shotes; somebody done take his onliest hog outen Brer Fox pen. They take it up in meeting and make it subject of inquiry. They put it on old Brer Rabbit, so the old man don't know which way he going to get to, when Brer Bear walk in, and his

hands and arms covered with blood, what he take to prove up old Brer Rabbit before the meeting.

Directly Brer Bear walk in the door with the blood on his hands, Brer Rabbit he clap his hands and he shout, "Praise the Lord, brethern! The Lord done deliver me, and bring forth his witness!" and the people all that distracted they don' listen to a word poor old Brer Bear say, but they all talk, and take votes, and they turn out old Brer Bear right there; and that why old Brer Bear ain't no churchman. But Brer Rabbit he run the church yet, and they say how he never miss quarterly meeting.

NATHAN'S FLAT.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

NATHAN wrote that he 'n' his wife was livin' in a flat,
"Gracious me!" says mother, why, what sort o' place is that?"
"Well," I says, "it's one o' them there places, don't you know,
'At folks live in, likely," an' mother says, "Jesso!"
But 'bout a half hour later, she broke out, "I'd give a cent
If I could sort o' puzzle out what Nathan really meant."

Now ain't that like a woman? You can tell 'em what is what;
You can show 'em plain as preachin', but it's just as like as not
When ye've argied an' convinced ' em an' yeh think ye've surely fetched 'em,
They'll bust out just where they started, same as though yeh hadn't tetched 'em.
"Well," I says, "we'll go to see 'em, then, an' that'll stop yer clatter,"
For I own that I was cur'ous like, myself, about the matter!

So we went an' Nathan met us. Wan't we glad to see his face!
An' he rid us on a cable till we reached a stoppin' place.
An' he says, "We're here!" an' first I knowed I was a-standin' there
A-gawpin' at a buildin' that was higher in the air
Than the Presbyterian steeple. An' I says, "My conscience, Nat,
It can't be sech a stuck-up thing is what ye call a flat?"
But he only smiled an' nodded an' he took us in the hall,
An' mother says, "Why Nathan, do yeh occupy it all?"

Then we got into a little coop, an' Nathan he says, "Seven!"
An' in another second we was shootin' up to heaven.
Mother shet her teeth an' helt her breath an' trembled 'roun' the eyes,
An' my heart fell in my stomach, it was sech a sudden rise.

Then in another jiffy, we was into Nathan's flat—
Six rooms, about the size of t'ree, an' darn small three at that,
But some things was pretty handy. They was places in the wall
Where ye'd go an' talk to people 'at yeh couldn't see at all.
There was one place where ye'd turn a wheel to squirt a little heat,
An' the cellar was a little box containing things to eat.

Then there was one extravygance 'at mother thought a sin;
They had spiled a good-sized close-press fer to put a bathtub in.
Gee! it made me think of tombstones, it was all so white an' shiny,
But mother she peered into it an' says, "I vum; it's chiny!"
Nathan's wife was kind o' laughin', so I fixed my eyes on her,
An' says, solemn, "Read yer Bible of the whited sepulchre?"
Bathtubs! Why, if I'd a mind to, I could tell yeh pretty quick
Of the time when Nathan's bathtub was the hull of Simpson's creek!
An' the sunshine was a towel fer him, an' if by any chance,
He couldn't wait fer dryin', why he used his coat an' pants.

An' on Sat'dy nights in winter, mother'd fetch the washin'-tub,
An' she'd heat enough of water fer all han's to take a scrub,
An' she'd pester Nat, "Git ready!" till at last he'd sort o' squeak,
"Ma, I honest don't believe I need a bath this week!"
But she'd shet him in the kitchen, an' he'd grunt an' puff an' spatter,
Till you'd thought a steamboat bust-up was the least could be the matter.

"Yes, an' then I'd mop," says mother, "an' blow out the kitchen light,
An' I'd foller Nat upstairs to kiss my little boy 'Good-night!'
An' it kindo' seemed that me an' God was watchin' there by Nat,
But I don't believe I'd ever have sech feelin's in a flat!"

OPPORTUNITY.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

MASTER of human destinies am I.
Fame, Love and Fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of Fate.
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death: but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not and I return no more.

DYING SCOUT.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN.

"COME, Pinto, ole feller, creep close to me side,
Fer the norther iz comin' across the Divide.
This pain it ar' awful, an' the meat iz all gone,
An' the fire won't last, I'm afreed, till the morn,
An' our blanket iz ragged; but we iz alone,
So we'll share it ter-night, though I'm cold as a stone;
But them flames iz a-laughin' an' smilin' with glow,
An' they make me feel good like in days long ergo,
When I wuz light-hearted an' wuzn't a fool,
An' played mumblepeg on the grass near the school,
With dear little Bess—bless her honest blue eyes—
But she's far away, maybe home in the skies.

"But, Pinto, ole feller, thet mother uv mine,
Wuz the darlin'est mother, jist angel divine,
She'd nurs' the sick nabors, wharever they'd be,
An' she allers wuz prayin' fer Sandy an' me.
Then thar wuz Aunt Lucy, so gentle an' mild;
She allers wuz smilin' an' said, I 'wuz wild';
Yet somehow she liked me, it wuz no mistake,
Fer she allers wuz giv'n' me soft ginger-cake,
An' she'd tell me long stories an' sing ter me, too—
Oh, I tell yer, I loved her, I loved me Aunt Lou.
An' some day, ole feller, when I'm over this pain,
We'll go home tergether, an' be happy again.

"We'll find the old homestid, with its birds an' its trees,
Whar life wuz all music, an' flowers, an' bees;
Whar I loved to go swimmin' with the lilies so cool,
In them long years ergo when I hated the school.

But the fire iz dying—it's dark an' so cold,
An', Pinto, ole feller, I'm puny an' old;
An' the door iz a-creakin' so sad in the wind,
But we'z close tergether, ole chap, never mind.
Hez I ever hurt yer sence I found yer that day,
A perp on the trail, an' the boys far away?
So, Pinto, good feller, creep close to me side,
Fer the norther is moanin' across the Divide.

"Hark! music! I heers it so mournful an' strange,
Like lost children's wailin', outside on the range;
But the coyotes are watchin' our dugout ter-night,
They're waitin' fer me, an' they're hungry with fight;
An' I am so puny, an' so shiverin', too,
But, Pinto, dear feller, I'm pardners with you;
An' you ar' so honest, an' faithful an' brave,
Thet yer'd starve ter death on yer ole marster's grave;
But I feels better now, than fer many a day,
So cheer up, ole feller, don't whine thet 'er' way;
Fer when the perairies iz kivered with flowers,
An' the mockin'-birds sing an' the hills iz all ours,
We'll hunt an' we'll roam az we did long ergo,
Two pardners tergether, in pleasure an' woe;
An' we'll go home agin, to the banks of the stream,
Whar the ole folks iz livin' an' life iz a dream;
An' with all our wrong-doin's we'll try ter live right;
An', Pinto, dear feller—old Pinto!—good night!"

But Pinto, poor fellow, moans wild at his side,
For the scout, with the norther, has crossed the Divide.

WHAT HE WAS.

STOCK SPECULATOR. I invested in stocks and lost heavily.
SYMPATHIZER. That's too bad. Were you a bull or a bear?
STOCK SPECULATOR. Neither; I was a jackass.

SISTER'S BEST FELLER.

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

MY sister's best feller is 'most six-foot three,
And handsome and strong as a feller can be;
And Sis, she's so little, and slender, and small,
You never would think she could boss him at all;
But, by jing!
She don't do a thing
But make him jump 'round, like he worked with a string!
It jest makes me 'shamed of him sometimes, you know,
To think that he'll let a girl bully him so.

He goes to walk with her and carries her muff
And coat and umbrella, and that kind of stuff;
She loads him with things that must weigh 'most a ton;
And, honest, he *likes* it,—as if it was fun!
And, oh, say!
When they go to a play,
He'll sit in the parlor and fidget away,
And she won't come down till it's quarter-past eight,
And then she'll scold *him* 'cause they get there so late.

He spends heaps of money a-buying her things,
Like candy, and flowers, and presents, and rings;
And all he's got for 'em's a handkerchief case—
A fussed-up concern, made of ribbon and lace;
But, my land!
He thinks it's just grand,
"'Cause she made it," he says, "with her own little hand";
He calls her "an angel"—I heard him—and "saint,"
And "beautif'lest bein' on earth"—but she ain't.

'Fore *I* go an errand for her any time
I jest make her coax me and give me a dime;
But that great, big silly—why, honest and true—
He'd run forty miles if she wanted him to.
Oh, gee whiz!
I tell you what 'tis!
I jest think it's *awful*—those actions of his.
I won't fall in love, when I'm grown—no, sir-ee!
My sister's best feller's a warnin' to me!

WAIL OF A WAITRESS.

ETHEL M. KELLEY.

HE had the nerve to bring her here to eat;
I seen them comin' half-way down the street,
An' I was ready for them, you can bet.
I ain't a-showin' the white feather yet;
She's got my beau, but I don't say I'm beat.
I waited till they'd settled in their seat.
"Fine day," I says to him real soft and sweet.
"Fine day," he says, "'F you like your weather wet."
He had the nerve!
Don't say a word, I fixed that couple neat!
He acted like he's crazy with the heat;—
He didn't have no notion what he et.
He can't come here to jolly up his pet.
She didn't come this way with willin' feet—
He had the nerve.

SCENE FROM PINERO'S "THE AMAZONS."

WILHELMINA [*daughter of English lady who has trained her girls as boys, finding her mother and rector in conversation*]. Have you and mother been talking?

RECTOR. What d'ye think we have been doing—playing leap-frog?

CHRISTMAS SUBSTITUTE.

ANNA SPRAGUE PACKARD.

[From *Youth's Companion*. By special permission.]

TEDDY FITZGERALD, the East Side boy, who had, at the last moment, been brought to St. Martin's Cathedral to substitute for a choir-boy who was ill, stood in his place in front of Charley Reed, an open hymnal in his hand.

The boy with the cross took his place at the head of the procession. The clergy came down the steps into the choir-room. There was a short prayer, a quick "Amen" chanted by the boys, then the first verse of the "Adeste Fideles."

The doors of the choir-room were thrown back and Teddy Fitzgerald was in the house of God for the first time.

Churches had been quite outside Teddy's life. In the summer-time he had stolen his way upon several Sunday-school picnics up the river on a barge. Once he had gone to help break up a Salvation Army meeting; but these had been his sole experiences touching religion.

And now here he was—a heathen in a long black cassock and snow-white cotta, his face radiant with joy, keeping perfect time as the long line swept though the transept and into the chancel.

During the service, Charley Reed nudged him to kneel, sit or stand, as the occasion demanded; and Teddy obeyed implicitly. When the chanting of the Psalms began, he took his first active part. They were Gregorian chants, and the boy quickly caught the movement, for he loved music passionately. He had never heard any really great music. The best had been at the Central Park concerts on Saturday afternoons, when the child would sit, forgetful of the black past and the blacker future, wrapped in that bliss which only a musical soul can know.

One masterpiece followed another—the "Te Deum" and then

the Creed. Charley Reed had solos in both. Teddy listened enviously.

"I bet yer I could do it, if I only knew how! I bet yer I could put more 'go' into her!" he thought.

Then followed some prayers, to which Teddy paid no attention, and then a carol. Teddy read, "O little town of Bethlehem"; he wondered where the town was, and what there could be to write about it.

He listened through the first verse; with the second, he began to sing. The choir-master heard and wondered. Above the choir, above even Charley Reed's sweet soprano, rang the contralto with its rare, pathetic quality, and the congregation listened with hushed hearts.

All through the sermon Teddy looked at the shining marble altar and above it the picture of a child—a boy—with outstretched arms, coming toward him through a field of lilies.

All through the service a name was repeated which was horribly familiar to the boy, and he wondered as he saw the bowed heads. This must be He, then! He gazed at the picture with longing in his keen eyes. "Why, He is a boy, and coming toward me."

"I wish He wouldn't look at me like that! Seems as if He wanted me to do somethin' for Him. Kinder sorry, too. Looks like He'd lived on the East Side, so poor and mournful. I bet yer He knows what it is to be cold and hungry, and sleep in a barrel! I wish I hadn't knocked down that little kid goin' for beer this mornin', or cheated Jim at 'craps'." And so, while the good rector preached in the pulpit, the Boy above the altar preached to the boy below.

Suddenly Charley Reed said, "I say, Teddy, you'll have to go to the gate and receive the contribution. I sing a solo in the offertory. Do just as Tom does, keep step, and don't bungle, for then they'll blame me!"

Teddy bungle! He marched in perfect time, and stood facing the vast congregation. "All blokes from the avenue!"

he thought, and became himself again—bitter, hard, defiant.

Two by two, the vestrymen came up, each emptying his full plate into the larger ones held by the boys. What heaps of money!

Right beside Teddy's thumb lay a bill folded very small. As he wheeled he put his thumb on it and with a dexterous movement concealed it in his palm.

He went back to his stall, flushed with triumph, but the opening notes of Gounod's "Sanctus" brought him a new feeling.

As the first "Holy, Holy" stole out, he forgot his money and all the glories it could buy. Again and again rang out the marvelous cry, and the heart of the boy went with it.

He looked at the picture with a radiant smile. This must make Him glad! The sunshine fell on the calm face, and a pang struck into Teddy's heart like a knife. The money! He had taken it from Him! And as he laid his head down on the stall, an agony which no hunger, or cold, or pain, had ever forced from him, racked him. Teddy Fitzgerald's soul was being born.

The service ended, the procession moved out of the church and into the choir-room once more. "Here's your fifty cents," said the choir-master. "Come around to-morrow morning at nine, and let me try your voice. I think you have a fortune there."

Teddy turned away and went out into the street still holding the service sheet lightly in his hand.

That same evening, as the rector of St. Martin's rose from his Christmas dinner, a servant entered to say that a policeman was waiting to see him.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir, but there's a boy been asking for you at Bellevue Hospital, and as the doctors say he won't live till morning, why, I've come for you. He's just been run over by a cable-car on Third avenue."

Before long the rector was leaning over the crushed frame of Teddy Fitzgerald.

"Gimme de money," said the boy to the nurse, "and then go away!"

"Here it is! Give it back to Him! I swiped it this mornin' out of your collection-plate. All the afternoon I tried to spend it and I couldn't. I could see Him a-lookin' at me—Him behind the altar, a-comin' through the lily-field after me! So I was comin' back with it to yer, when I slipped on the track."

"Please believe me—'taint because I know it's all up wid me that I'm sorry, but—because I couldn't be such a sneak to Him! You see He was like me. He had lots against Him!"

The rector's white head sank, and he prayed, holding the grimy hand which had fought the world from the start.

The little life was drifting fast now, and he was babbling of the streets, their length, their heat, their chill. Suddenly he began to sing:

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light!
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night."

A rapturous look came into the dying eyes, and Teddy Fitzgerald had passed out of his world of sorrow.